

NORTH • COELLO • FIORELLI • FERNÁNDEZ • ABURTOV

# FANTASTIC FOUR

*"Continues to be as good  
as it's ever been."*

— AIPT



**FOUR  
STORIES  
ABOUT  
HOPE**

**MARVEL**



# FAMTAS FOR C





WHEN THE BAXTER BUILDING WAS ATTACKED BY A HORDE OF INVADERS FROM THE NEGATIVE ZONE, MR. FANTASTIC SHUNTED IT AND THE SURROUNDING CITY BLOCK INTO A TEMPORAL POCKET FOR PROTECTION. EVERYONE CONTAINED WITHIN WILL REAPPEAR, SAFE AND SOUND — BUT IN ONE YEAR'S TIME. AMONG THE DISPLACED ARE BOTH THE THING AND ALICIA'S CHILDREN, AS WELL AS FRANKLIN AND VALERIA RICHARDS.

WHILE ON THE ROAD, THE TEAM WAS CONFRONTED BY C.I.A. OPERATIVE MARIA HILL, DEMANDING THEIR COOPERATION. INSTEAD, THE FF FLED.



# FANTASTIC FOUR

FOUR STORIES ABOUT HOPE

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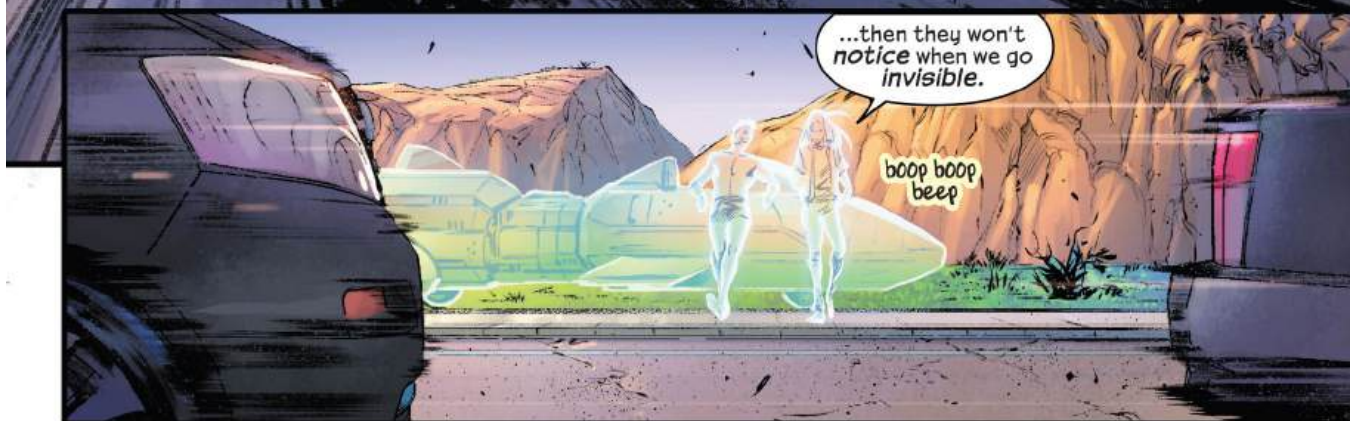




We gotta *lose* Hill and her C.I.A. goons *pronto*, sis! Keep it *floored*!

What do you think I'm *doing*, Johnny?!

The Fantasti-Car's a *hugely* visible target, but if we can get out of their *sight*...



...then they won't *notice* when we go *invisible*.

boop boop beep



Reed, thank God. I-- ...No, we dodged 'em too.

...Put me on speaker, honey? Thanks. Listen, Alicia, I wanted to say thanks-- you noticing something was off might've saved all three of y--

...Ben, I can *already* hear you--that's the whole point of speaker.

...One sec, I'll put him on.



Hey, Rocko, you're live with Vitamin J!

...Well-- thanks, man. Means a lot, coming from you.

...Yeah, we can meet there and regroup, no problem. Then it's a straight shot to--

...Yep, I'll let her know!



I am reliably informed, sister of mine, that our caravan is now but *twelve hours* from our destination.

By this time tonight, we'll have *finally* made it, as Ben would say...



"...to his dear old Aunt Petunia's!"

There she is! The ol' family farmhouse. Ain't she a beaut?

Ben-- you're certain she won't mind us staying here?

'Course not! Nobody's lived here for *ages*. She's a fixer-upper!

An' we're *just* the ones to fix 'er up!

# THE ENEMY OF THE GOOD

CHAPTER ONE





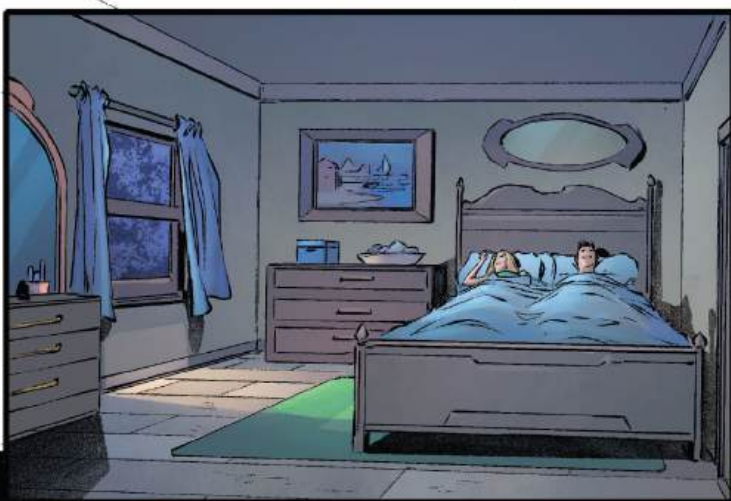












Breakfast is served! Farm-fresh eggs, everyone. Dig in.

Reed, can you pass me the coffee?

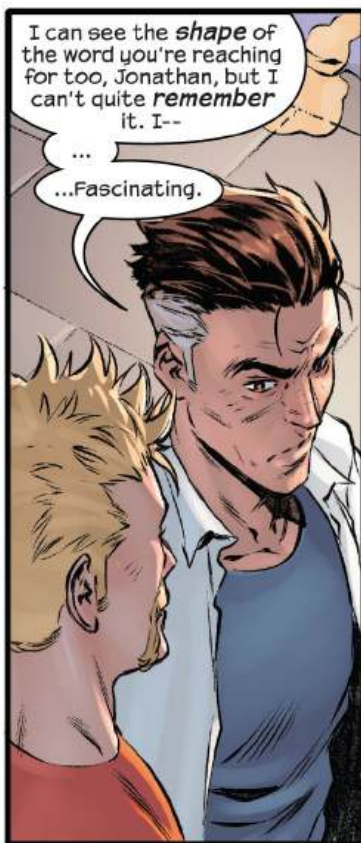




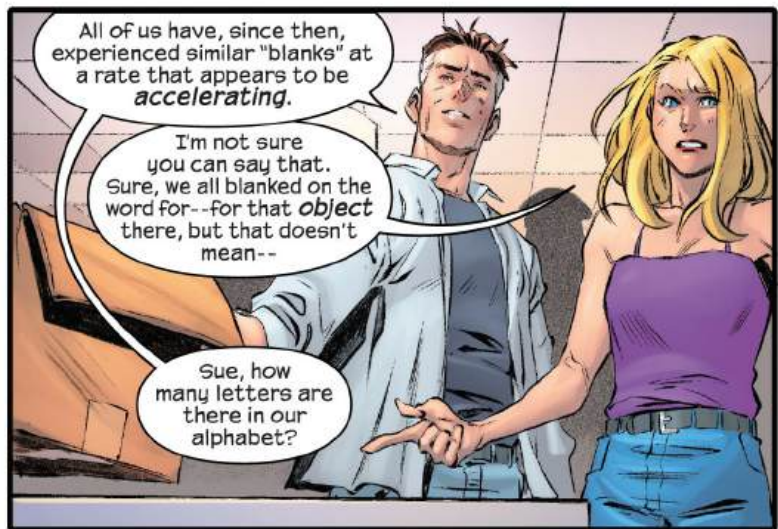




















♪ Abdef and g, h and i and lmnop, r and s, t and v, wy and then z. ♪

♪ A and b and d and e, ghi and lmnop, q and r, s and t, v and w and y and... ♪  
...and... ♪



Ben, I-- I don't seem to remember my own name.



He works *frantically*, desperately, even as the words *melt* out of his head.

Each letter dissolves a *swath* of vocabulary with it. He can *feel* his thoughts becoming *slippery*, less precise...

♪ Abd, ghi, mor, sty...? ♪

...veritably impressionistic.



♪ Abd, ghi, mos... ♪



AAAA  
AHHHHHH!





The singing stops.

They have *bigger* problems to deal with.



And still, the letter "A" slips unnoticed from their minds.

Now "B."

Now "S."

How many words can they form with the paltry letters that remain?



Fewer and fewer.

And without *language*, they can only fight as *individuals*, not as a team.



Without *language*, they're *hopeless*.



Ghh!





Three letters remain.

Just three.



O.

M.

And  
D.



A limited  
set, true.

But sufficient  
to permit a single  
word to fall from  
their lips.



The herald of  
their defeat...



...the appellation  
of their *better*...



...the mark of  
greatness:

MY

NAME.

**DOOM!**

# THE ENEMY OF THE GOOD

CHAPTER TWO





My "ghost" dissolves as I take **full control**. They will neither move nor talk... but they will *listen*.

One always appreciates a *respectful* audience.

I know what you're wondering.



Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto Number 2, in C minor.

Certain phrases may seem familiar-- you Americans have repeatedly **plundered** this composition for your "popular" music, including multiple acts of plagiarism by Francis Sinatra.



Rachmaninoff was the greatest pianist of his day--**and** his own greatest critic. Knowing his **potential** but seeing nothing of value in his **compositions**, he became depressed, blocked...

...until **this** revelatory piece. Its beauty assured Sergei his **glory**-- its perfection, his **immortality**.



A reminder, it seems, that for the **determined**, the very **gifted...greatness** can always be **willed** into existence.

Now. To the present matter.

You, of course, had any number of **precautions and defenses**, technological ways to detect this plot. Until everything went **wrong**, and suddenly you **didn't**.

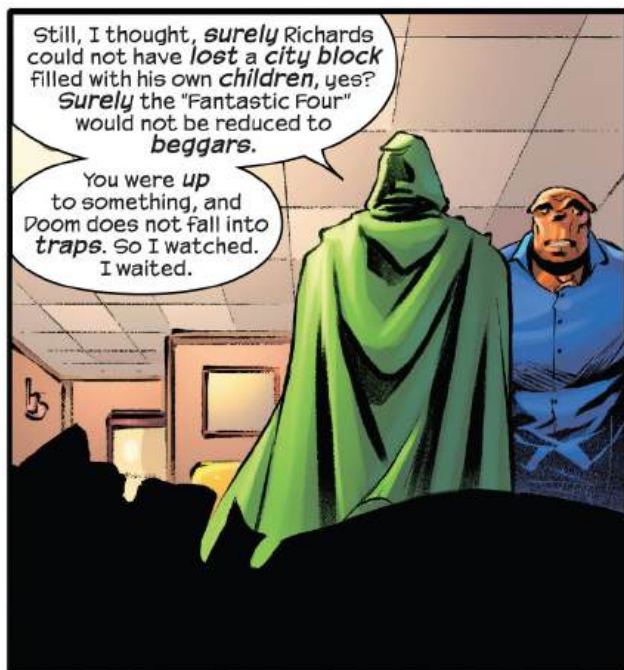


Well. You know what they say:



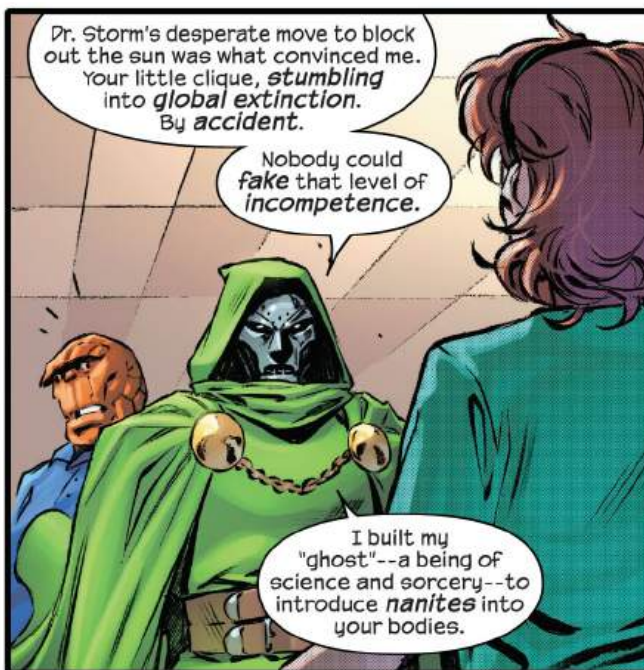
Time makes fools of you all.





Still, I thought, *surely* Richards could not have *lost* a *city block* filled with his own *children*, yes? *Surely* the "Fantastic Four" would not be reduced to *beggars*.

You were *up* to something, and Doom does not fall into *traps*. So I watched. I waited.



Dr. Storm's desperate move to block out the sun was what convinced me. Your little clique, *stumbling* into *global extinction*. By *accident*.

Nobody could *fake* that level of *incompetence*.

I built my "ghost"--a being of science and sorcery--to introduce *nanites* into your bodies.



It was the obvious choice, given how you'd just demonstrated--on a global stage!--*precisely* how vulnerable you are to something small, independent and self-powered.

They've been removed, incidentally. You may now both move and speak.



In his *magnanimity*...

...Doom permits you to *beg*.



**VICTOR!**

Dr. Storm. You know your force-fields can't make their way into or around this *armor*.

Damn you, you no-good, rotten--



Your fists are nothing against Doom's *might*, Benjamin.

And as for Richards--









REED!

So--what?  
Ya tracked us for  
*weeks*, messed wit'  
our *brains*...what, just  
to *gloat* about our  
*circumstances*?  
To *kick* us when  
we're *down*?

No. I came  
here to do  
what *Richards*  
couldn't.

Richards, who *failed*  
my beloved goddaughter,  
*Valeria*, before she was  
even *born*.

Richards, her *father*, who  
even now fails her yet again,  
and again, and *again*, every  
*moment* he leaves her  
trapped in time.

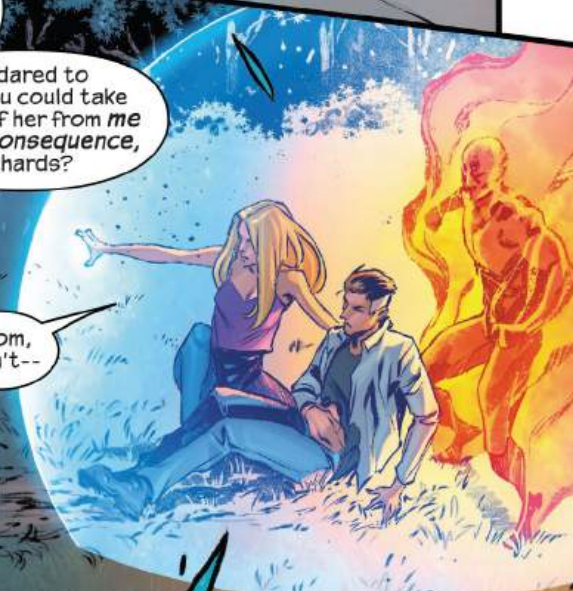


I swore at her  
birth she would be under  
my *royal protection*,  
Grimm, and under that  
protection she  
*remains*.

You dared to  
think you could take  
a *year* of her from *me*  
without *consequence*,  
Richards?

Doom,  
don't--

Worry not,  
Doctor. I'm not  
here for something  
as petty as  
*revenge*.



I'm *here* to  
do what that ridiculous  
*mate* of yours deemed  
*impossible*.

Doom will  
save her.



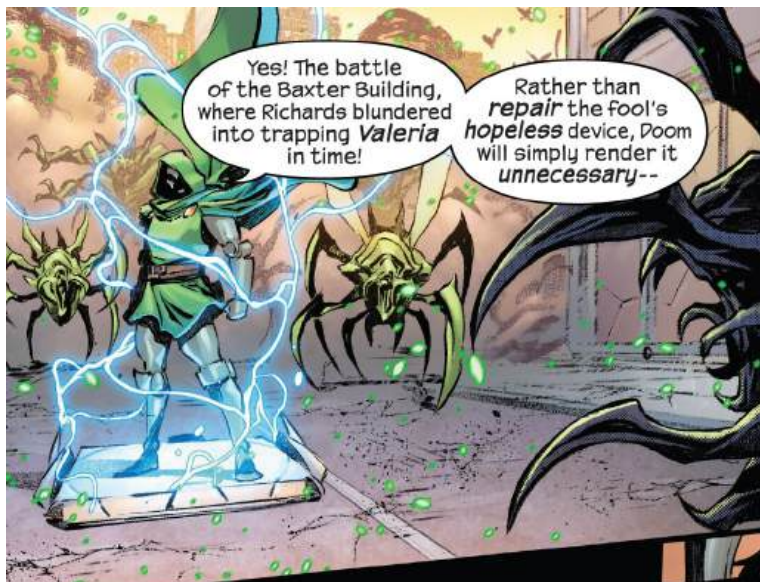
Doom  
will save  
them all.











Yes! The battle of the Baxter Building, where Richards blundered into trapping *Valeria* in time!

Rather than *repair* the fool's *hopeless* device, Doom will simply render it *unnecessary*--



--by single-handedly *turning* the tide of the battle *himself*!

# THE ENEMY OF THE GOOD

## CHAPTER THREE



For Doom--



--conquers--

--ALL!





Guys,  
I--  
Oh god.  
I see  
**Doctor  
Doom** on the  
battlefield.



What?!  
It can't be!  
**Why?**  
This is goin'  
from **bad**  
to **worse!**



We have  
to move **fast**.  
Do you **trust**  
me?

Bud, if you  
got yerself a way  
to take down the  
Negative Zone and Doc  
Doom at the same  
time--

we say  
**go for it!**

As soon as  
we're clear of  
the area, Sue,  
I'll--



No.



NO.

**CLIK**



**KRAKOOOM!**





Richards.  
The fool.  
He did it  
anyway.

Teleporting  
us into *space*,  
and trapping his  
family in *time*.



No matter.

For Doom  
can simply  
go back...



...and *do*  
*better*.





This battle  
is *nothing*.



Annihilus  
is *nothing*.



For Doom  
will simply--

Drop them,  
Sue, yes--but  
*push* the invaders  
central to the  
Baxter Building  
while lifting  
*us* clear!



On it,  
honey!



Wh--?

Doom?!

KRACK!



We *have*  
to get clear  
*now*!

Without the remote,  
my device will  
activate  
itself!

Richards!

Move,  
move, move! In  
a few seconds,  
this whole  
block is--



--going  
to--

Intolerable.









I attempt  
saving only  
Valeria--



--and *still*  
Richards  
interferes.



I *remove* him from  
the board *entirely*...



...and his *best*  
friend presses the  
button instead.



Or his wife.



Or his  
brother-in-law.

It is...

...insufferable.





The problem is obvious.

This world is already in a fatal state.



It's too far gone. Any change is *useless*, its final configuration now *inevitable*.

To save Valeria...



...Doom must *prevent* events from ever getting this bad in the *first place*.



I go back to the *Reckoning War*-- explore the *different ways* it could have gone.



But no matter what I attempt-- what I *improve*--



--either Valeria is lost with *Earth*, with the *entire galaxy*...





...or both *survive*  
and the Negative Zone  
invades *anyway*.



No timelines  
go better.



All go  
*worse*.



It is,  
as I say...

...intolerable.





I go back further. Doom shall *not* be denied.



Some interventions appear to work...



...but a return to the present still reveals a world *worse* than the one I left.



Valeria *suffers*. She dies a thousand times. The planet dies a thousand more.

I undo them all.



I have all the time in the universe to *try*, and Doom does not *fail*. I spend *years* applying patches to *causality*.

But no matter what I attempt, there is a *constant* that cannot be *ignored*.

Endlessly, relentlessly...



...things always get *worse*.





I perform wild interventions-- preventing the "Fantastic Four" from forming in the first place, *denying* them their greatest victories, ensuring Valeria's birth through *other* means.

Yet always--  
*always*--  
I return to a world  
*inferior* to the  
one I remember.

Why?

WHY??

In a universe where *Galactus* ran rampant--devoid of both *life* and *light*--I bring the full strength of my mind to bear against the problem.

Logically, if my *every* intervention makes things worse, then things must *already* be the best they can be for me.

It's Leibniz's theodicy made *manifest*, and the world I left, the *best* of *all* my possible worlds.

There are only *two ways* that makes sense.

The first is obvious. There exists a God...

...and *Doom* is his favorite son.

A tempting fantasy for a *child*, but patently *absurd*.

Doom does not place himself beneath a mere *God*.

Thus, a *single* alternative remains.





My interventions always make things worse because my future selves have *already* optimized *their* pasts.

They have already *ensured* events are as favorable for us as they can *possibly* be.

And yet, though I am the *sovereign king* of Latveria and *master* of all I *survey*... I am nowhere near where I *deserve* to be. I face... *setbacks*.

*This* is the best my future selves could manage?

My ambition forever *frustrated*, my plans forever *checked*?

Richards-- *Richards!*-- still a thorn in my heel?



My future selves must be *failures*.

*Inferior.*

...Which means I must be inferior too.



...No.



No.

No.

No.

No.







How can a man possessing a *time machine* fail? He *can't*. Unless he is a fool.

Yet Doom is no fool.

There *must* be another *solution*. There *must*. And yet...

...I cannot see it.

I gaze into *proof*, writ in the *fabric of time and space itself*, that my ambitions *will* fail, *have* failed, *must always* fail...

...and while it is *false*--it *is* self-evidently *false*--I do not see a way around it.

The idea becomes an--an *obsession*. I can't look past it--nor do I look away.

It's a corrupting *disease*. A *toxin*, curdling my focus.

And Doom does not permit himself to be *weakened*.

I must travel *back* to the start of this journey, *prevent* myself from undertaking it...

...thereby *denying* this *malignancy* its chance to *infect* me in the first place.

It is a great sacrifice--my own existence, pruned--but it ensures an even *greater good*.

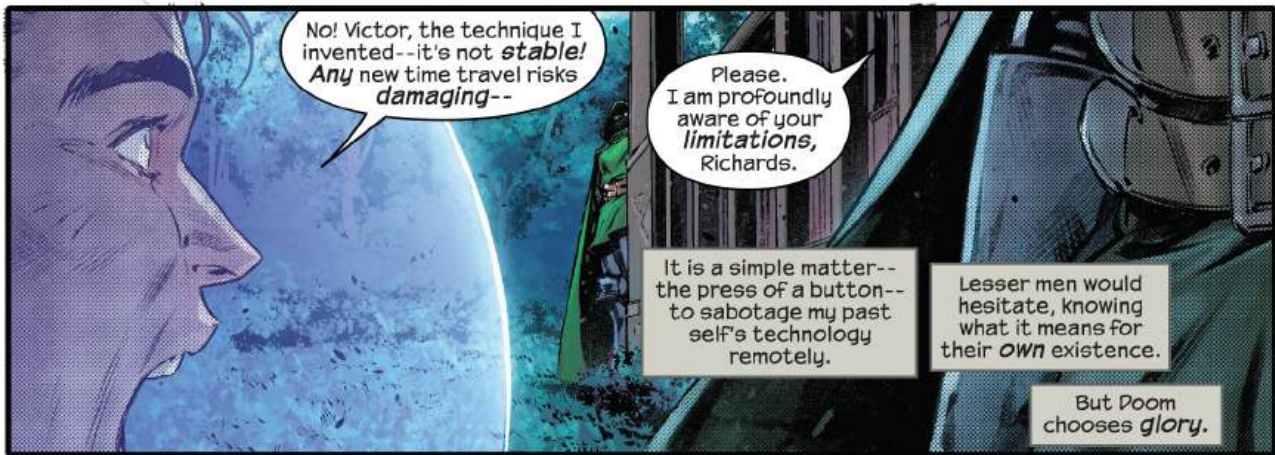
An even greater *Doom*.

I'm *here* to do what that ridiculous *mate* of yours deemed *impossible*.

Doom will *save* her.

Doom will *save them all*.





No! Victor, the technique I invented--it's not *stable*! Any new time travel risks *damaging*--

Please. I am profoundly aware of your *limitations*, Richards.

It is a simple matter--the press of a button--to sabotage my past self's technology remotely.

Lesser men would hesitate, knowing what it means for their *OWN* existence.

But Doom chooses *glory*.



And Doom



chooses



OBLIVION



# THE ENEMY OF THE GOOD

CHAPTER FOUR









...it was all me.

You were too busy *talking* to notice your protective *enchancements* got a *crack* in 'em juuuust big enough for someone to push a *force-field* through.

ARGH! No. Impossible. I created those protections myself.

Don't know what to tell you, Vic.

Actually, no, I do.



I can crush you into a *singularity* or expand your insides *so quickly* that they sublimate into *plasma*. I can put a hole in your head, a bubble in your brain, or fill your lungs with a *vacuum* with a *thought*.

But I don't think I will...

...assuming, of course, that you get the *hell* out of my friend's *backyard*.



**Fools!**  
Doom leaves not under duress but because your ruination is so sweet--so *complete*--that I've *already* won!

Valeria is still under my protection. *Ensure* she returns when expected, or you *will* face my wrath!



And understand--no matter what you do today, you've already fallen further than even I dared dream! This is *already* Doom's victory. **THIS IS DOOM'S VICTORY!**

Yeah, yeah, yeah, get outta here, Doc!

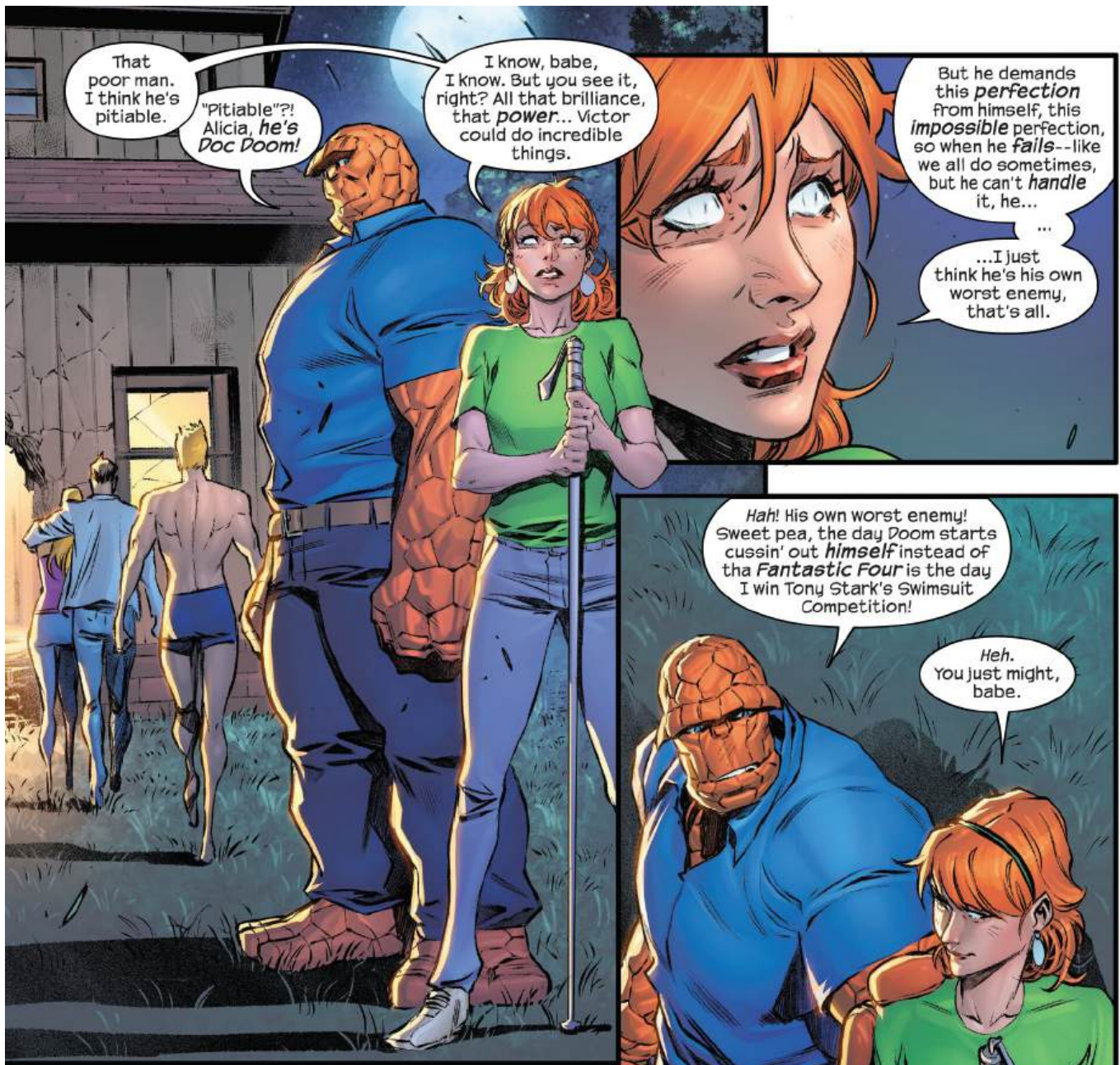


Well, I for one would *love* to hear how you found a weakness in his armor, Sue.

Oh, I didn't-- it just *appeared*. I was just in the right place at the right time to take *advantage* of it.

Sometimes, brother of mine... we really *do* just get lucky.







# C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS: LANGLEY, VIRGINIA.

38°57'07"N, 77°08'46"W.

You  
let Sue and  
Johnny get  
away?!

I did, Nick. *Credibly*. Gave Susan just enough time to let her pull her invisibility trick without making it *seem* intentional.

See, I want to stay on their *good* side.

You don't really think she'd--?

I don't *know*, Nick. I didn't know she and her brother could *end all life on the planet* a week ago either.

This is an *escalation*. A new use of their powers to do something they couldn't *do* before.

And if we're gonna keep this planet safe, we can't *stumble* into things like this. We need to know about them *before* they happen.

I'm starting a skunkworks project, tasked with inventing new and clever ways to *combine* existing superhuman powers, figure out ways they could be *weaponized*...

...and how we might defend *against* them.

Sounds like that might be a *little* beyond the C.I.A.'s mandate, Maria.

It's... *slightly* extra-legal, I admit. But heck, it makes the acronym work--*and* it saves the American taxpayer some *graphic design* money.

Tell me, Nick...



...you got  
any room in your  
schedule for some  
freelancing?

TOP SECRET/SCI  
PROJECT S.H.I.E.L.D.  
Super Human Intelligence:  
Extra-Legal Division  
TOP SECRET/SCI











I'm Sue Storm,  
the *Invisible Woman*.

Come on,  
Johnny, you can do it!  
It's just a scutoid that  
matches mine--picture it  
in your head, and use your  
fire to feel out a match  
for my invisible  
form!

I am picturing  
it! It's really hard!  
Give me a break--you  
said this shape wasn't  
even *invented*  
until 2018!

Actually, it  
wasn't *described*  
until then, but this well-  
defined cross between a  
frustum and a prismatoid is  
found in nature, particularly  
when epithelial cells pack  
themselves together  
in 3-space.

Thanks, Reed.  
That makes building  
this stupid shape out  
of stupid fire so  
much easier.

Come on, J.  
I'll make you a  
reference sculpt  
once I've got my  
art supplies.

Welcome to the  
*Fantastic*  
Farmhouse.





That's what I call it, anyway. Ben said the name's cheesy. That's right: the "clobberin' time" guy says *my* idea is cheese.

Now *that's* a revoltin' development.

Just think scutoidy thoughts, bud!

Please never say "scutoidy" again.



I don't even know why we're doing these exercises. We're the *Fantastic Four*, not the "C-, Needs Work, See Me After Class" Four.

It never hurts to practice.

And you two *do* kinda tend to rely a bit on the tried-and-true.



Alicia! I do *not*.

Throwing fireballs, juggling fireballs, flame cages, flame number fours in the sky--am I forgetting anything, babe?

Makin' a *slightly* hotter fire than usual an' tellin' everyone it's a "nova flame."

Oh right. That too.



And I do rely an *awful* lot on spheres and platforms. The two of us can *manifest* anything we can *imagine*. Shouldn't we be taking *advantage* of that?

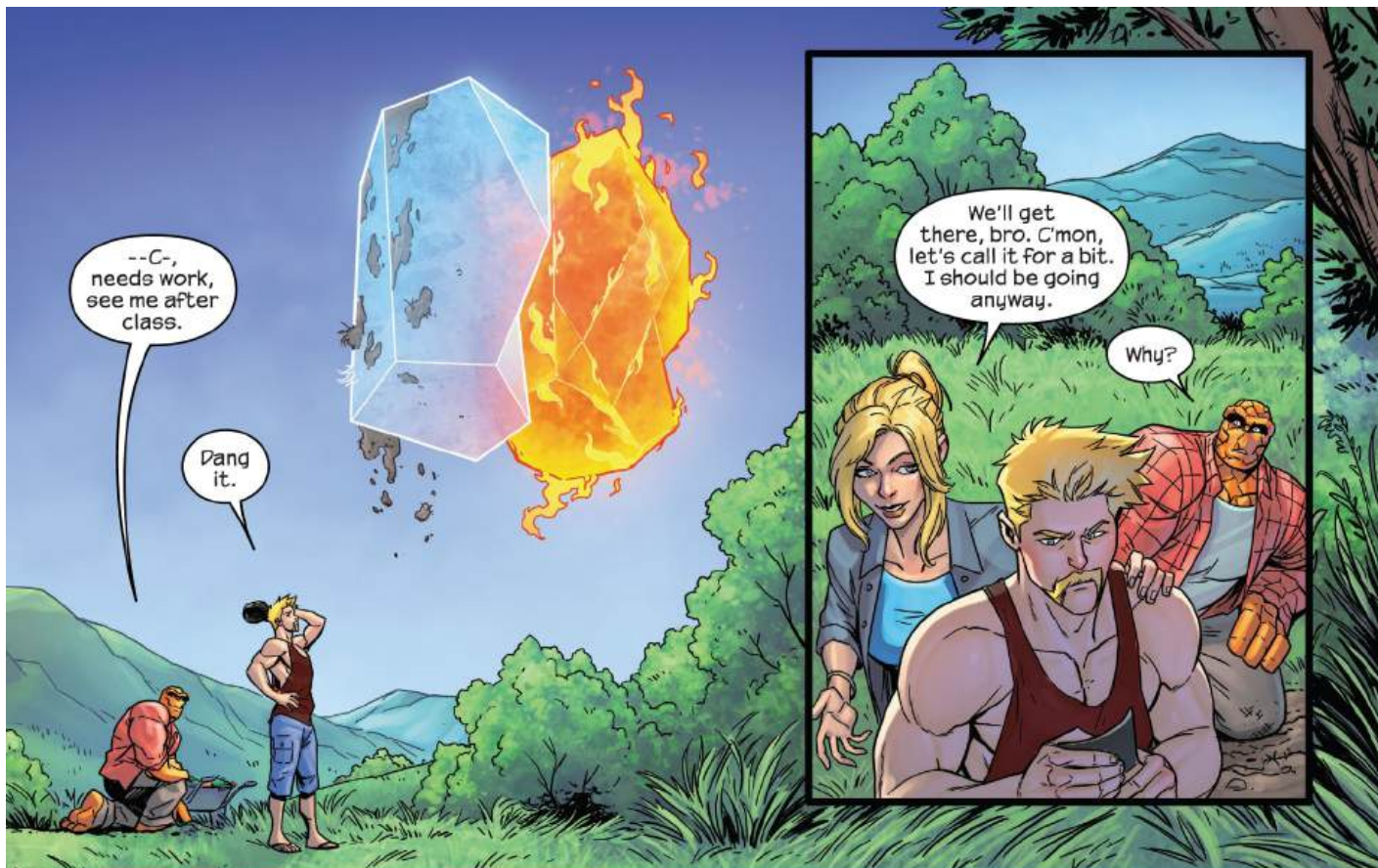
Especially with the two of you working together! You can get artistic with it--make things neither of you can do on your own!



Well, for your *information*, they're classics for a reason. Anyway, I *totally* got this stupid shape now, and it feels like it's in the right spot. The two are perfectly fused. Ben?

On it. A bitta dirt to make Sue's half visible, and yer final grade is--





--C-, needs work, see me after class.

Dang it.



We'll get there, bro. C'mon, let's call it for a bit. I should be going anyway.

Why?



Because we've got a **date** to pick up some **art supplies** in town!

And also a bunch of stuff we need for the house.

And also **art supplies**!



You want me to come, sweet pea?

No, I want **you** to stay behind and get that garden tilled before the rain comes, Farmer Grimm.

Okay. Farmer Grimm wants **snacks** though.



Oh! And if the hardware store has laboratory flasks, please get me some!

They won't!

Doesn't matter if they're Erlenmeyer, Fernbach **Or** Schlenk, honey!

I'll even take trypsinizing!

Ooh, or volumetric!





















The lights are on, and the shelves are stocked! It's obviously not **abandoned**! You see that, right?

Maybe the mall pays for it! I don't know what to tell ya, ma'am!



What the hell?

Uh-uh, no way. We are ending this **now**.

Topo, look up "Wisniewski" in the local phone book.



One result found.

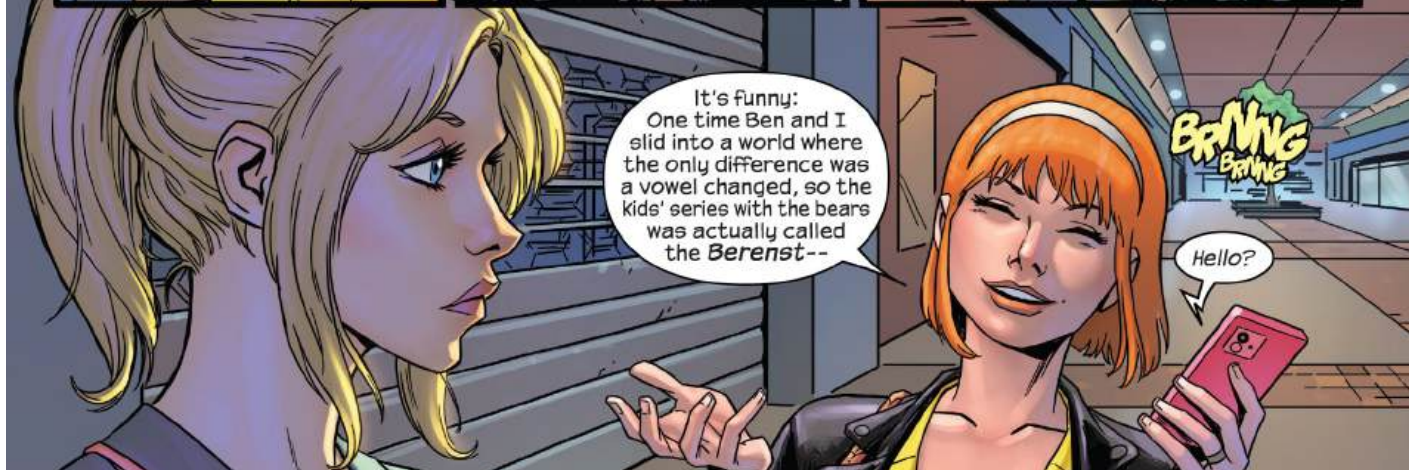
Perfect. Call it on speaker.

Dialing...



This is crazy. This store was clearly open an hour ago.

Hey, at least that tells us we didn't slide into a parallel universe where it really **has** been closed for years, right?



It's funny: One time Ben and I slid into a world where the only difference was a vowel changed, so the kids' series with the bears was actually called the **Berenst**--

**BRING BRING**

Hello?





Oh hi!  
Is Cathy in,  
please?

Who?

Cathy  
Wisniewski?



No, I think  
you've got the wrong  
number. This is Mark  
Wisniewski.

Okay, great,  
you're her husband!  
The bookkeeper,  
yeah?

...That  
is what  
I do, actually,  
but sorry--I've  
never met a  
"Cathy."



But you  
still work at  
the hardware  
store?

Is that what  
this is about?  
Listen, you got the  
wrong number, lady. I  
have no idea why that  
old place has my name  
on it, but it's got  
nothing to do  
with me. Bye.

KLIV



That's the only  
Wisniewski for  
miles around. It's  
**definitely**  
him.

Same name,  
same town,  
same profession,  
but with no memory  
of this poor woman  
who, until a few hours  
ago, seemed to  
know **everyone**  
in town...



Well, Suze,  
my dear...

...do **you**  
have an explanation  
that isn't creepy as  
heck?





The way I see it, there're three mysteries here.

What happened to Cathy? Where is she now?

And why is everyone *determined* to act like she never *existed*?



Allie keeps digging through Cathy's social media profiles. She finds parents vacationing in Europe, a sister in Australia.

They all say they've never heard of her.



Any proof Allie says she has is *dismissed*. It's a fake photo. It's a hack. We're trying to pull some kind of *scam*.

It's dizzying. Cathy *existed*. She was *real*. We *met* her today.



But apparently, all at the same time...

...everyone else on Earth has simply decided *otherwise*.



The only clue we have is that *we* weren't affected. I keep a minor force-field up at all times: That *has* to be what protected us from--whatever this is.

Luckily, when the whole world's against you...



...I've found I can always rely on my *family*.

Hey, Sue! Hey, Alicia!

I was just, uh, taking a short break from practicing the ol' scutoids. Honest.









Johnny, knock it off. You're not funny.

I'm not trying to be! Tell me who they are and I'll find 'em!

You're kidding me.



Jonathan Lowell Spencer Storm, if you're joking, this is *absolutely* not the time.

Sis, I hear what you're saying-- I just don't know who these people are!

Topo, pull up pictures of the Thing and Mister Fantastic.

Done.



Benjamin Grimm and Reed Richards, Johnny. The *other* members of the Fantastic Four?

Come on. You remember them. You *know* them.

One's made of rocks, and the stretchy one's your *brother-in-law*??



I mean, obviously I recognize Squirrel Girl, but I've never seen those other guys before in my life. *Pretty* sure I'd remember 'em.

Hey, how come they're wearing our uniforms?













We decide to return to Cathy's store, incognito. One advantage of an empty town...

...traffic's light enough that I can turn the car *invisible*, without worrying about anyone *hitting* us.

I'm not sure exactly what we're searching for. But if I had to guess...

...I'd say it looks like *that*.



Hey, are those the guys we're looking for?

Allie, Reed and Ben and Cathy and like fifty other people are all holding up a... a weird, giant wood monster.

What, like a Groot?

Not quite. I, um--

--I actually have no idea what we're dealing with here.









We're safe, but I'd bet the *farm* everyone else on Earth just forgot that woman *existed*.

I know what to do when I see a *crazy monster* abducting people.

Come on, everyone! Me and Flame-O will lead the attack!



Allie, I'm gonna keep us together in a force-field, okay?

Yes please.

Well? What are we waiting for?!



**FLAMES ON!**



Reed! Reed, it's me!

Ben, it's Alicia! I know it's *you* in there! Remember me, babe!

Wh-where did these miscreants come from?

Beats me! And how d'ya figure these screwy weirdos know our names?





Ah, I was wondering when you would show your faces!

After already claiming *two* members of the Fantastic Four, it will be *trivial* for me to claim the *remaining two*!

There's *four* of us, you big woody jerk!

Ah, but your strange force-fields can *defend* against my ultra-frequency memory-altering waves! Of course!

Uh-huh. I'll be taking my husband back now, please.

And the rest of the townsfolk while you're at it.

Never! All serve my *merest whim*! All will fall... before *Xargorr*!

Cool powers, *classic* bad-guy speech and reasonably cool name. But listen, I couldn't help but notice your flesh is all woody.

I know wood's famous for *something*. What was it again, Flame-O?



Oh, that's right.

Burning.





Not on *my* watch, you flaming fools!

Well done, Richards. You have *pleased* Xargorr!

Whoa, you really *are* a stretchy guy! I mean, it's cool and all, but I'm trying to *save* you here!

And I was just gonna singe her a li'l!



And you as well, Benjamin. Your *eagerness* to defend me is *noted*!

They're startin' it, boss, but we'll *finish* it!



It is a pity. You two--

Again, *four*.

--would've made excellent *servitors*. But if you *insist* on holding tight to your *memories*....

...then you leave the mighty Xargorr no choice!



Reed and Ben would never just *attack* us like that, even *if* they forgot we existed. There's more going on here.

They're all *victims*, Sue. Including the townsfolk. We can't *hurt* them.

Sure, but, uh...I don't think they're gonna be giving us the same courtesy.

**SILENCE!**



Servitors of Xargorr! Do you see how poorly these four *conspire* against me?! Look how they *trouble* your *queen*!

This *disrespect* cannot be *tolerated*.

Now comes the time when you must *help* your mighty master!













When you want to make comics accessible to blind people, one size doesn't fit all.

BLAST YOU, RICHARDS!

I'D REALLY RATHER YOU DIDN'T!



RICHARDS!!!

DOOM

Some of us care about what the characters look like. Most blind people still have *some* vision, after all.

For others, it's irrelevant, especially if what people look like doesn't actually *impact* the story.



In July 1945, there was a newspaper-delivery strike in NYC. In response, the mayor went on the radio and read out the funny pages, ensuring that the city's comics-loving kids wouldn't be impacted by what the adults were doing.

He described what was happening in the comics, did voices for all the characters, brought it to life.



It was to score political points, but it also made comics accessible to millions of people--for free and by no less a person than the mayor of New York City himself.

People who'd never been able to read comics before suddenly could experience them.









These days, he's  
trying to murder  
me because a wood  
monster told him to.

**IT'S  
CLOBBERIN'  
TIME!**

Ben!  
Please,  
no!  
Snap  
out of it,  
babe!!  
Ben!!

**ALICIA MASTERS-GRIMM IN:**  
**"ART IS LONG--  
AND LIFE IS SHORT"**





I've never known him like this. It's **terrifying**-- but it's not his fault.

He's lost his **memories** of us, thanks to this **Xargorr** lady.

As me and **Sue** and **Johnny** fight for our **lives**, she tells us how she got here and what she wants.

She **wants** us to know. She's **proud**.



And before we get too far into this, just keep in mind: I'm a profoundly blind woman who hasn't seen anything since she was 15, narrating in a medium that-- on my own--I can't even **read**.

You'll forgive me if things feel a little different.



Comics are the juxtaposition of **words** and **pictures**, and I can't **perceive** one of those elements without accommodation.

But even so, the two parts still **dance** together. I still fill in the **blanks** between the panels.



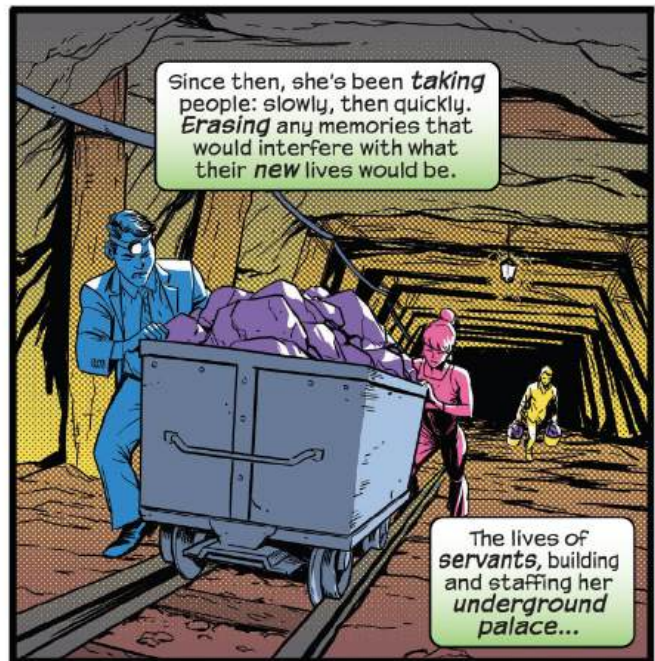
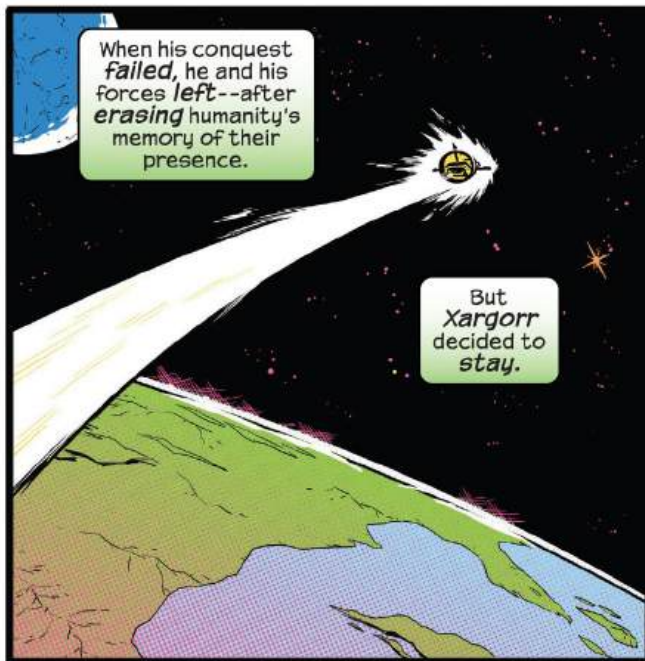
And it **works**, because comics is a medium-- like all media, like all **art**-- where our brains **mediate**.

We take what's lying there lifelessly on a page or a screen or a canvas or in some beautiful carved-up hunk of marble...

...and we use it to tell ourselves a **story**.

*Ben and Reed continue to attack the Fantastic Four -- and it's too much. Sue, Johnny, Flame-O and Alicia are losing.*













But Ben and Reed **stay**, enveloped by that torrent of flame.

Because despite everything they've been made to **forget**--

--they still know Johnny won't **burn** them.

They've lost their *relationships* with Sue and Johnny, but they still know **everything else** about them: their *go-to moves*, their *weaknesses*-- the things they won't **do**.

Which means Sue and Johnny won't win. They **can't**.

Desperate, I try to help. I look at the facts of what's going on, taking what's already set in stone, and I use it...

...to tell myself a **different** story.







My point of view normally isn't that *dynamic*. It's just *sound*, after all.

*Sensation.*

Okay. Susie, I want you to make a small force-field between my hands--about 2 feet tall but soft. *Malleable.*

Like *clay*, Suze.

I don't--

An invisible *idea* of the space around me.

Oh my god. I get it.

I don't! How the heck are we supposed to *beat* these guys?

By having Ben and Reed fight someone whose moves they *don't* know--because they've *never* fought her before.

*Me*, Johnny.

You can sense how I'm *shaping* the field, right, Sue?

I feel it.

I need you to make a full-scale copy. And it's a two-way street, okay?

Gotcha. Everything that happens to it out there happens to your model too.

And as for Johnny...

Whoa!

Sue's *moving* you to where I need you to be. When you feel a slight pressure, that's your cue to send out flame.

From Human Torch to human squeeze ball. Got it.

Keep Flame-O on crowd control--but I need the rest of your focus *here*.

Like I said, I'm blind. Even with *rain* showing its *contours*, I can't *see* what Susie's *built*.

But I can *hear* the rain bouncing off it. I can *feel* the space around me change as the air inside this force-field becomes *pressurized*.

So while I gotta admit I'm not one hundred percent on what this all looks like...

Now, Johnny!

*Flame on!!*









Please, Reed!  
Stop this, think about this  
**logically!** Even if you don't  
remember me, you must  
remember your knowledge  
of **ethics**, right? Your  
**decency?**

Hah! I've  
removed  
those too!

Anything  
that stands  
in my way, he's  
forgotten!



I don't care *how*  
much you make him  
forget, Reed would  
never *truly*--

Hah! Of  
course he would!  
He's *human!*

Memories  
are all you  
*have!*

Humans are the  
great explainers, taking  
whatever's *happened* to  
you and deciding it forms  
a somehow-immutable  
**identity.**

Remove those  
events--remove  
that *history*--and  
you're a **blank  
slate.**



There's no  
*you* to you! You're  
all just **products** of  
your history, the sum  
total of your  
**experiences!**

Coincidences  
and random chance  
that you canonize  
as **fact!**



I don't  
**believe** you,  
Xargorr.

The fact  
that your **husband**  
and **best friend**  
are trying to kill you  
right now would seem  
to argue otherwise,  
Earthling!!



Hold that thought, Xargorr.

Allie! We're gonna need something new: Reed and Ben are adapting to the octopus!

Graggh!

On it! Buy me a few seconds!

You got it!

Even if we *have* forgotten you, Invisible Woman, that is to be counted as a *blessing*.

Gonna need you to walk me through that one, honey!

It's a simple enough syllogism. Memory, Susan, is a *curse*.

Grief. Doubt. Revenge. *Hate*. All are predicated upon *memory*, upon letting a recollection of the past *alter*--and sometimes *destroy*--your future.

Yeah, what Reed said! Ya can't *hate* someone if ya don't *know* nothin' about 'em!

Without it, you become *free*. You can be truly *happy*.

I hear Ben's respect--his love--for his best friend. He's still *him*, somewhere in there.

And Sue hears *glimmers* of the man she loves too: his logical thinking, his brilliance. They're making good points, but they're all proceeding from a twisted premise.

An evil premise.

So.

We'll just have to knock *that* part out of 'em.





Hah  
hah hah!  
Yes!

Sue didn't fight alongside  
Reed and Ben for years  
without learning how much  
**damage** they can take.

Our invisible **mech**  
brings them right  
up to that line...

...and then pushes  
them **over**, into  
**unconsciousness**.

Now all that's  
left is the alien,  
Xargorr. All that's  
left is to--

Sue!  
The **arm**,  
it's **tearing**,  
it's--

We're losing  
Johnny!





I suspected that might open up a hole in your force-fields, Dr. Storm! A momentary gap...

...but long enough to erase Johnny's memories, turning him to my side!

I've taken everything. All he is--all he knows--is to obey me.

And to destroy you.



Kill them, Johnny Storm!

You got it, bud!



Oh god, there's a bunch of Flame-Os now. Alicia, I don't know if I can--

They're the Fantastic Four, stranger! And they're all I need to burn you!



**FLAME ON!!**













RARRRGH!!

A trap. To lure Xargorr close and trick her into using her full strength, only to **reflect** it back at her with an invisible parabolic dish.

Susan had made her hair invisible, so it'd look **burned off**. She **bent light** to make her clothes look ruined.

And she turned the top layers of her skin **transparent**, selectively **darkening** the spectrum of her blood and muscle to simulate **fourth-degree burns**.

Xargorr thought humans could be made to believe **anything**. And my friend Sue bet her **life** that even with everything else gone, there was something **innate**, something **essential** and **good** inside us that would always **be** there...

...and she was **right**.

Take away as much of him as you want, but Johnny Storm will **still** try to help people. Even strangers. **Enemies**.

He's not a killer.

I wonder if--in that moment, just before she forgot about her own powers forever--Xargorr **realized** that.

When it comes to humanity, we all start out **good**.





So that's how we won. Xargorr made *herself* forget about her powers forever, and without them, she's *much* less of a tyrant.

As for everyone else--who weren't exposed to Xargorr's power at *full strength*...



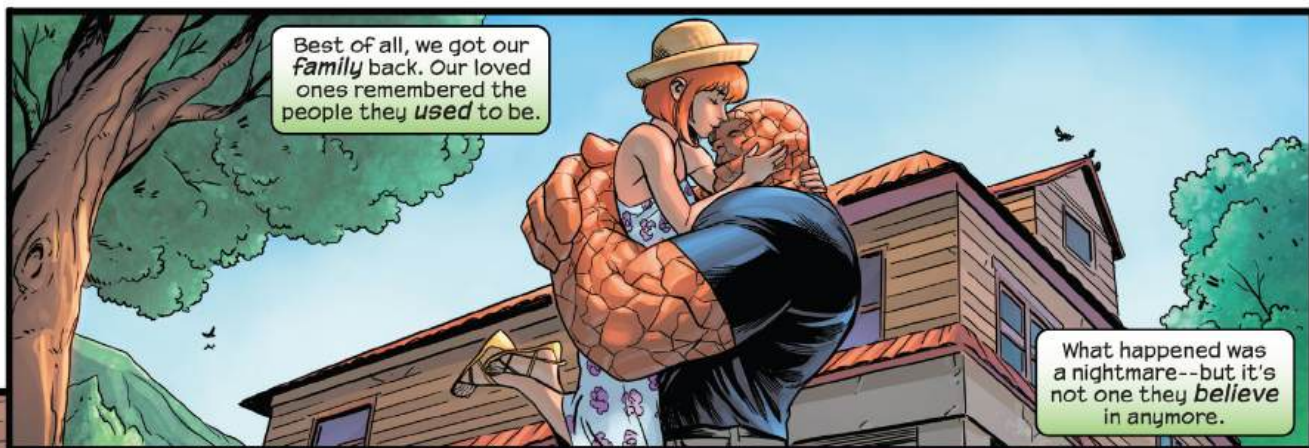
...over the next few days, they begin to *recall* their old selves.

People began waking up to a world more *special*, more *rich*, more *loving* than the one they thought they knew.



And the town's got a new *tourist attraction*: Xargorr's colossal--and now-empty--underground *palace*.

Things are *turning around* for the community.



Best of all, we got our *family* back. Our loved ones remembered the people they *used* to be.

What happened was a nightmare--but it's not one they *believe* in anymore.



And there've been *benefits* too. Sue and Johnny's teamwork has improved, and now that he's out of his *rut*, J's *thrilled* to find out how *creative* he can be with his powers.

Flame-O, it seems, is on.





Oh! And I never told you what kind of comics reader I am. Do I care what characters look like when Ben's reading my comics to me?

Nah. Not really.



But I *do* make him tell me if anyone shows up who's big and handsome and rocky and orange.

Wait, wait, wait. Just how handsome *is* this guy, Benju?



C'mon, Alicia, he ain't *handsome* at all, he's--

Ben.



Well.

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

...I suppose-- I mean... I *guess* in th' right *light*...



...there's mebbe a chance he ain't *half-bad*, sweet pea.



Right answer, babe.













THE VRUZEON ARKSHIP SURVIVORS IN:

# "THE LONG WAY HOME"



# 500 YEARS AGO.

Ship's log,  
week 36525.

It's been three days since  
all the stars in the universe  
*disappeared*, plunging us  
into *Infinite darkness*.

The *stasis pods* are safe, thank  
the Maker. Our ancient forebearers  
were *wise* in building our ship.

And the engines still run--thankfully,  
for once stopped, we cannot *restart*  
them--but they do so without *thrust*.  
Something *holds us* in place...

Week 36529. No progress.  
I eat, sleep and *dream*  
this problem--but I  
haven't *solved* it.

Week 36543. More  
months without  
progress. I...

...I know I'm not well.  
I trained to operate this  
ship *alone*--all caretakers  
were, we *had* to be--

...and I'm *still* no  
closer to finding  
a reason *why*.

All *life*, all *hope* of  
our world is held in  
this ship, and I cannot  
get it to *move*.

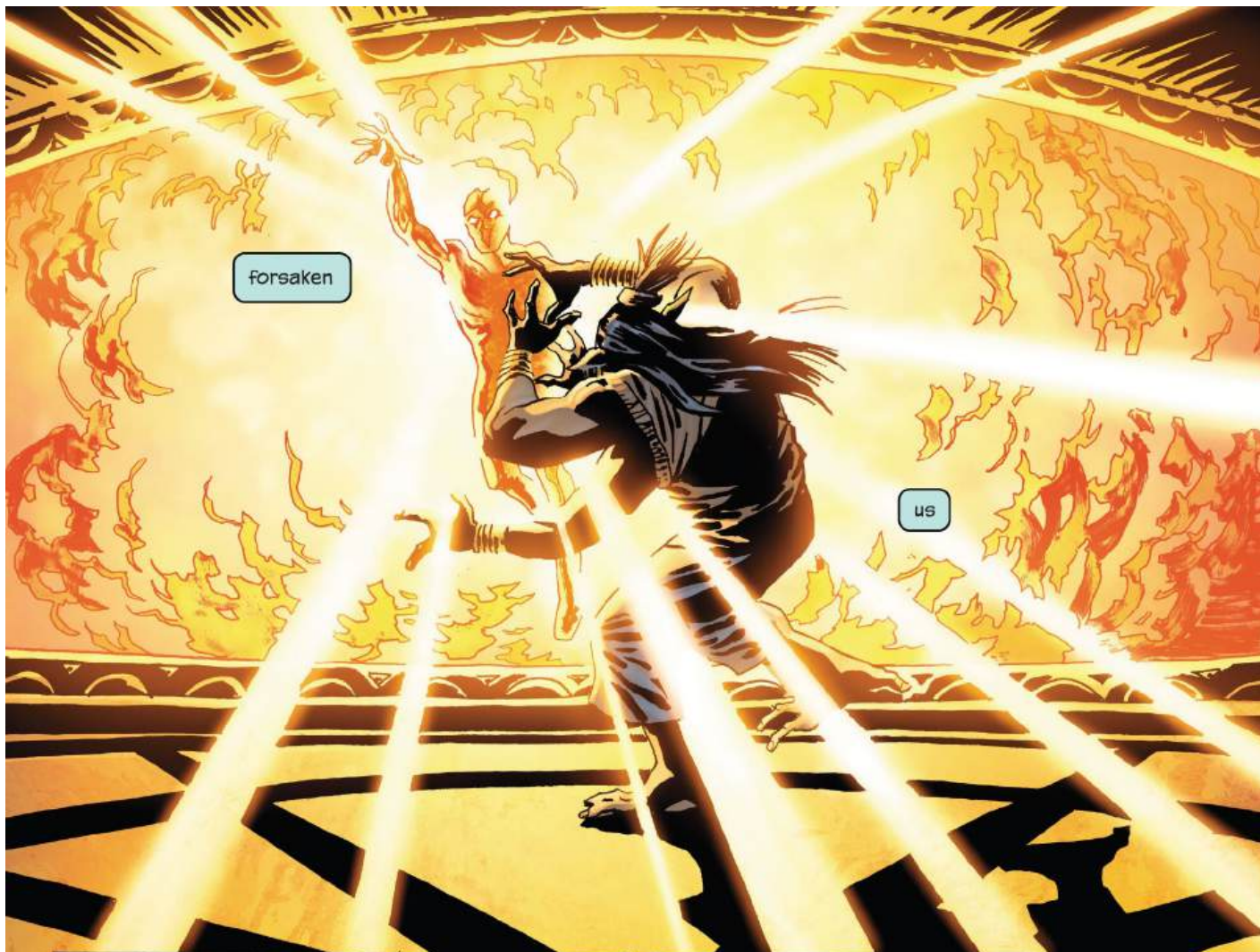
Where have the  
stars gone? What is  
*happening* to us?

--but this type of *engine*  
*problem* was never *foreseen*.  
There's nothing in the knowledge  
bank for it. Has the Great Maker  
abandoned us?

Have we *angered*  
her by fleeing our  
collapsing star??

Why has  
she...





forsaken

us

Week 71. I realized I've started measuring time not from when the stars *left*, but from when the burning figure *came*.

He's still there. The ship's sensors don't detect him. They say *nothing's out there*.

There's a possibility I'm losing my mind.



Week 160. I've been choosing rooms with *portholes* so I might *remain* in the burning figure's light, but *still* there's no progress! I can't *fix* it!!

My planet's entire population is counting on me, and I'm *failing*, I'm--



Week 261. Yesterday marked five years like this, without stars, without *motion*. Everyone dies in darkness if I cannot move this ship.

The Maker has ignored my prayers...

...but it doesn't matter. The *burning figure* has been *speaking* to me. I can hear His voice in my head. And I rejoice...

...for He is *good*.

He tells me I can save my people if I *join* Him.

I've tried *everything else*. It's the only thing *left* that makes sense.

He wants me to do it.

The cold dark expanse of space won't harm me.

For His *flames* will keep me--

--wa--





## 400 YEARS AGO.

Voyage of the Ark, log week 41744. The one who was meant to train me suffocated *decades* before my scheduled wake-up.

Our *engines* remained *running* since then, but still-- *fruitlessly*. We remain *trapped* in this featureless void.









## 300 YEARS AGO.

Dearest Margaret--it seems we are on the voyage of the damned. I awoke to find the ship *stuck*, the stars *gone*, the previous caretakers all *dead*--by their own hands.

The logs say nobody's been both *alive* and *awake* on the Ark for almost a century, but still, whatever happened to those unfortunates...

...it's *coming* for me, darling.



I haven't seen the fiery figure or rock monster they described in their logs. But something's changed, darling. I know we're not alone.

I get proximity alarms in *empty* rooms. I hear *noises*, and *nothing* is there.

Doors are opening and closing by themselves.

There's a pattern, Margaret. They're moving toward the core. Toward our *engines*.



But when I tried to reach them first, I found the only way off the bridge *blocked* by something hard, invisible--and *impenetrable*.

The Ark's built to last ten thousand years. Everything's *solid metal*. And even if I could risk a *ricochet* up here, the blaster I need is on the other side of an *invisible wall*, in a dead woman's hands.



I can't get around. They're *starving* me to death, darling.

And there's *nothing* I can do.



It's been  
interminable, darling,  
and I'm so tired. It  
won't be long now.

There's something  
appearing in the  
doorway, but I can't  
quite make it out.

I love you,  
Margaret.



I love you,  
Margaret.



I love





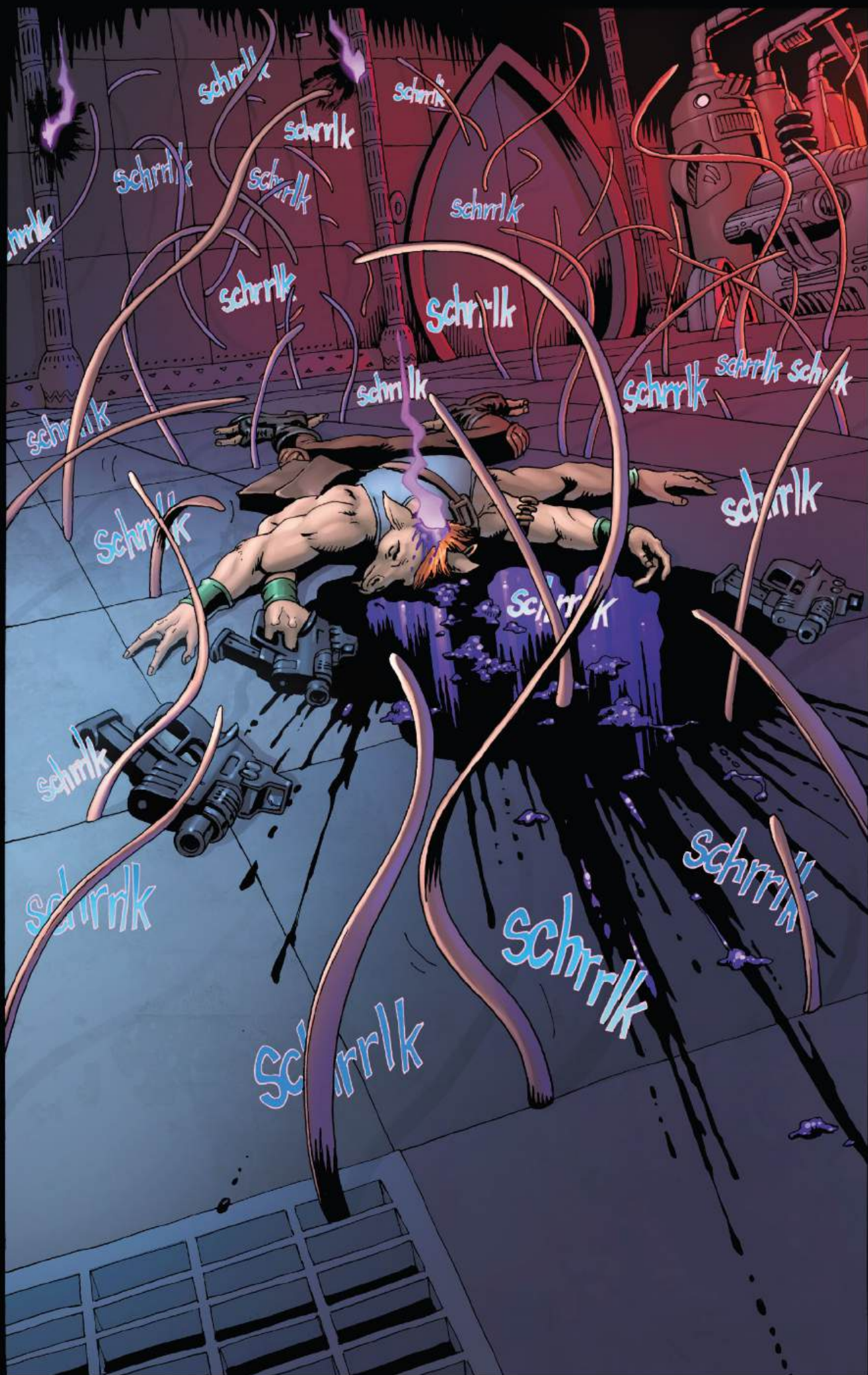
200 YEARS AGO.













100 YEARS AGO.



Incredible.  
This madness has  
been going on for  
centuries?

Could it be a  
frenzy caused by  
the stasis pods?  
Some sort of shared  
psycho--



--sis.



It's  
happening  
to me  
too.

I'm not  
immune.



Okay.  
Okay.

Think about  
this logically while  
you still can.

Either you *are* going  
crazy like the rest and that  
flaming man *is* the harbinger  
of madness...

--in which case,  
there's *definitely*  
nothing you can  
do now--

...or you're  
sane, and something  
*insane* is happening  
to you.



And given how  
*that's* the only option  
that gives me some  
agency, let's go with  
that one.

If I'm wrong,  
flaming one, I can  
always go crazy later.  
Promise.



Go over what you know. One: The stars disappeared hundreds of years ago. Two: Our engines failed at the same time, stranding us in this void.

And three: *Alien monsters* have stalked the Ark ever since, with no caretaker surviving long under their incursions. We're dying by *attrition*.

So why *haven't* you killed us all already, eh?

Every time a caretaker's killed, you have a century to do *whatever you want* until the next scheduled awakening. We're *defenseless* in our stasis pods. You must *know* that.

Unless...

...unless you aren't *trying* to kill us.

Great Maker, could it be true? To take such a risk on alien psychology...

...but to *not* do it is placing a bet on the opposite.

And if I choose *wrong*, everyone aboard the Ark dies.

The lives of a *world* depending now simply on the kind of universe I *think* we live in.

...Computer: engine shutdown.

Warning: Engines cannot be restarted after shutdown. Ship mission will be fatally compromised. Override required.

Override confirmed, computer.

And may the Maker have mercy on my soul.



now.

Whoa.

Of course--  
*that* explains the  
strange readings! This  
space-time manifold  
is *artificial*!

But *why*? Why plop it *here*?  
Just to mess with the Earth and  
threaten the safe return of  
the Baxter Building??

It may not  
have been *intentional*,  
Jonathan. In its present  
configuration, it's a  
collapsed isolated invariant  
hyperbola, true, but  
under the right  
circumstances...

...such a field could be  
*propulsive*.

Exactly. And while  
I'm gratified these belts  
I jury-rigged are keeping us  
*outside* this collapsed area  
of space-time, I can't predict  
how anyone *within* it will  
perceive *us*.

Strange things  
happen when you  
mix disparate time  
frames.

Got it--  
"Be on the  
lookout for weird  
stuff." I call that a  
Wednesday.

C'mon! There's  
a *spaceship* down  
there with *busted engines*  
messin' up space an' time, and  
every second they're *here* is a  
risk for all 'a us! Let's go in  
an' *fix* it already,  
right, boss?

You heard  
the man.

Let's go  
save the world,  
everyone.





Don't see no doors, but the clock's tickin', so...!

I can fix it on the way out. Honest.



Remember, be on the lookout for anything that seems--



What in th' name 'a Aunt Petunia?!

--strange.





Fascinating. Their instantaneous appearance implies time is moving *much* faster for them than it is for *us*.

So to anyone on board, we look like--what, statues?



Given the temporal frame conflict, it's likely we're appearing at multiple and disparate times, locations *and* relative speeds. It would be quite challenging to predict.

Hrm. I'll make us *invisible* as a precaution.



The field seems to be originating from the center of the ship.

Weird they haven't *fixed* their engines yet, given all this time they're burning through.

Agreed. Which suggests they're *unable* to.



Well, whatever we're gonna do, let's hurry up an' *do* it. Every few seconds another one 'a these *stasis pods* is suddenly jumping ta bein' *open* an' *empty*.

These people are livin' and dyin' *whole lives* while we're standin' around jawin'.



I've sent exploratory force-fields down corridors throughout the ship, and found what *feels* like a large central space. *Shielded*.

That sounds like an engine room to me.

Agreed. Let's move.









...zero.  
They're gone,  
back on their way  
to--wherever it  
was they were  
headed.

Godspeed,  
my friends.



Ain't that always the way! We leave a  
*home-cooked meal* at the farm, blast  
all th' way up ta *orbit*, jury-rig some  
*time belts* outta *Fantasti-Car*  
*parts*, save a mysterious ship  
fulla aliens...

...and not  
*one* of 'em sticks  
around ta say  
"thanks"!

I mean--  
from their point of view,  
their ship broke down and  
then *weird time-aliens*  
started creeping around  
inside for *who knows*  
how long.



Terrific. Another  
buncha people in th'  
universe who think I'm some  
*creepy monster guy*.



Regardless of how we were  
*interpreted*, old friend,  
we *did* manage to save  
their ship.

Aw, I'm just  
bellyachin'. I just hate  
ta think they're out  
there *afraid* 'a us,  
y'know?

I know.  
C'mon,  
bud.



Let's go  
home.



500 YEARS  
FROM NOW.



Greetings. It's week 88704 of our journey to our new world, and you're awakening on schedule to take over my caretaker duties.

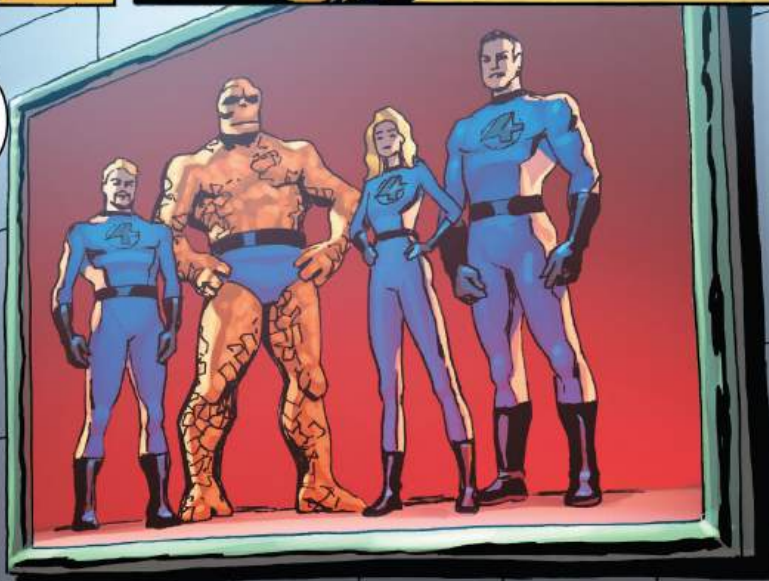
I'm not sure where to begin...



We were *delayed* many centuries ago, but we're going to be okay. We're safe, and we're on our way to our new home.

You'll want to know what happened, and I'll tell you it as it was told to me. Our story begins with a *catastrophe*...

...but it ends with *aliens*, from *another world*, who only wanted to *help*.



LEANDRO FERNANDEZ









**MONDAY.**

Go on!  
Get outta  
here!

Go back to  
your own home,  
ya dang mutt!  
Shoo!



**TUESDAY.**

She seems to  
have taken an interest  
in you, Ben.

Not my  
problem!  
I'm not a dog  
person!

Yeah, when  
Ben walks out of a pet  
store, it's with lizards  
sunning themselves  
on his back.

Matchstick!



**WEDNESDAY.**

She hung out with  
me while I worked outside.  
She's sweet!

That dog's got  
a family somewhere. One  
that needs ta keep her  
from *runnin' off*.

I'm not  
sure she does,  
babe. I don't get it...  
normally, you like  
dogs!

Y'know, it's  
*almost* as if, with the kids  
away, you've closed off your  
heart to letting *anyone*  
new in, and--

Lissen, we  
jes' don't need  
another *mouth*  
ta feed here,  
and--



**WOOF!**



Ya don't  
live in this house, and ya  
don't live under my *bed*!  
Get out!

And stay  
out!!



**THURSDAY.**

Pretty  
sure she can't  
*read*, Ben.

It's for her  
*owners*! If they ever  
come by an' realize what  
a *pain* in my *neck*  
they've been!

What  
neck?

Not  
the time,  
Johnny!



**FRIDAY.**

**WOOF!**

**WOOF! WOOF!**  
**WOOF! WOOF!**

**WOOF!**  
**WOOF!**  
**WOOF!**

Fer  
cryin' out  
loud!

**WHAT  
HAVE YA  
DONE NOW,  
YA DANG  
MUTT?!**









What the--?!  
This ain't zero-g,  
dog! It just *felt*  
like it...

...cuz you  
an' me and this  
whole house are  
*fallin'* through some  
kinda *bottomless*  
*pit!*

WOOF!

It's gotta  
be *Mole Man!*  
Nobody else coulda  
made a hole like  
*this!*





Yeah, yeah, obviously this ham ain't for me! You won't starve either, okay?

Yer welcome, dog.







"Matchstick'd fly up to escape, obviously."



"Sue too, takin' the whole house with her."



"And Reed would stretch his way up to the--"

"No."



"No, that ain't right. He'd do it *after* confirmin' things are as they seem, *specially* in a crazy mixed-up situation like this one."

"Heaven knows we got no shortage of *enemies* who'd love ta *trick* us inta doin' somethin' *rash*..."



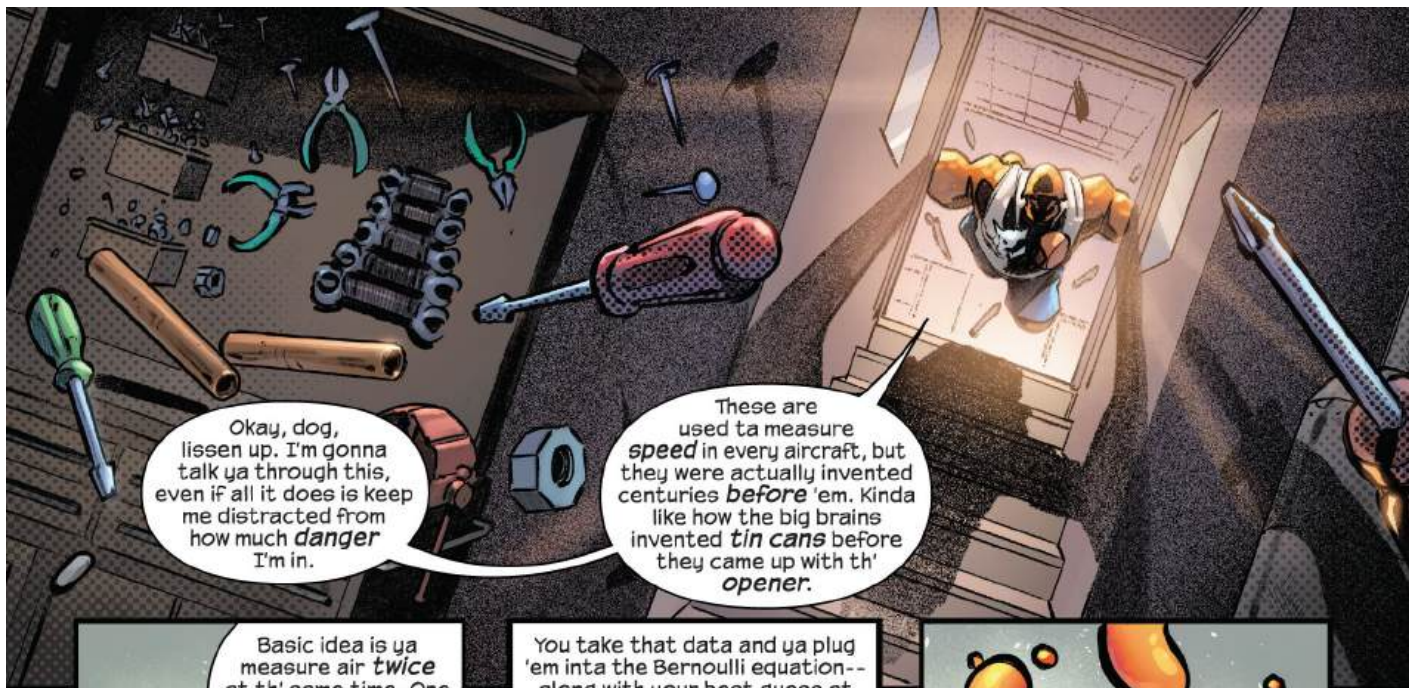
Well, dog, if we *are* fallin' all th' way ta *China*, I suppose a few more minutes won't make *too* big a difference. We got *some* time, huh? I don't see a *bottom* jes' yet."

C'mon. We're gonna go throw together an *airspeed indicator*, see if we really *are* fallin' like we're suppos'd ta."



Couldn't very well call myself a *test pilot* if I can't throw together a *pitot tube* from scratch while in *total freefall*, now could I?"





Okay, dog, lissen up. I'm gonna talk ya through this, even if all it does is keep me distracted from how much **danger** I'm in.

These are used ta measure **speed** in every aircraft, but they were actually invented centuries **before** 'em. Kinda like how the big brains invented **tin cans** before they came up with th' **opener**.



Basic idea is ya measure air **twice** at th' same time. One tube's facin' **into** the wind--so it gets air at **high** pressure...

...and the other's **perpendicular**, so it gets air at **normal** pressure.



You take that data and ya plug 'em into the Bernoulli equation--along with your best guess at air density--and it spits out **velocity**.

You gettin' all this, dog? There's gonna be a test.

And ta think I once asked my prof when we were gonna **use** this in real life...



So all **we** need ta do is **measure** those two pressures--juice in a plastic tube'll work in a pinch--and we can get our **speed**.



And wouldn't you know it, dog.

Turns out we are in freefall. Things **are** what they look like.

Unfortunately fer **us**.









Is he strong? Listen, bud: Cosmic rays screwed up his blood!

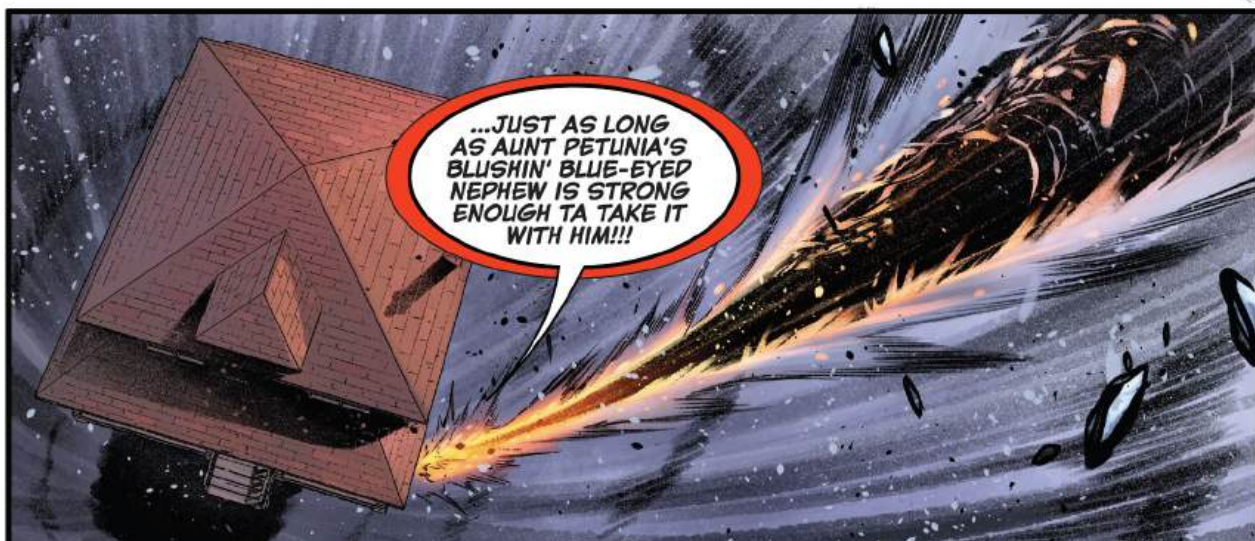


I'm gonna assume yer barkin' cuz 'a the wind, dog, and not cuz 'a my singin'.

Uh-huh. Tell anyone about this and I'll deny it.



Now, watch. Way I see it, dog, this house don't hafta be left behind...



...JUST AS LONG AS AUNT PETUNIA'S BLUSHIN' BLUE-EYED NEPHEW IS STRONG ENOUGH TA TAKE IT WITH HIM!!!





WOOF!  
WOOF!  
WOOF!

Arrgh!

KRRRCEETTTTTTTTTT



KRRRCEETTTTTTTTTT

Almost...!  
Almost...!

KRRRCEETTTTTTTTTT



Now,  
that's what  
ya call a feat 'a  
strength,  
dog!!



But th' thing is, there ain't *no way* a century-old house, in *freefall*, shoulda survived being held up in jes' *one spot*.

I don't care how big my mitts are. This thing shoulda crumbled around me the *second* I tried to *slow* it.

KRAKKK!!

...

...Exactly like that, yeah.

Y'know, that's *three times* I pointed out somethin' strange an' it got *corrected*. The phone, the speed, the house holdin' together...and my pitot tube was awful rough too.

None 'a this is *real*, is it?

The *real* world don't *adjust* itself ta paper over any *flaws* I point out!

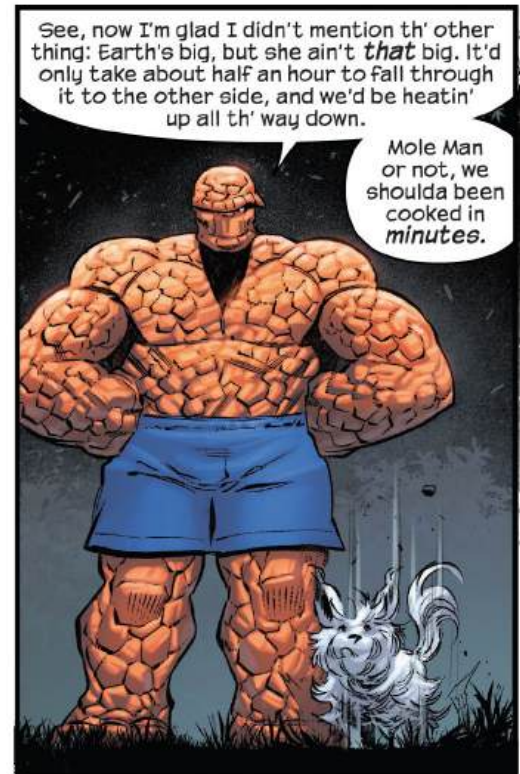
This is, what--a trap? Tryin' ta *keep* me here, not noticin' that anything is *wrong*?

Well, guess what?! I'm *done* playin' yer *game*!

That's right! I don't *believe* in any 'a this *phony-baloney* anymore!

Yeah, you *better* find someone else ta mess with! 'Cus *Ben Grimm*...









"Miracle Man"! Hah!

Bud, I live with a guy callin' himself "Mister Fantastic" and even I find that rich!



Yer nothin' more than a crummy *stage magician*, relyin' on *mind-alterin' psionics* to hypnotize everyone ya *look* at!

Trickin' decent folks into thinkin' yer *good* at your job!

**SMACK!**

Ah, but it was more than enough to keep *you* busy!



Gaze deep into my eyes, Thing! You're getting weaker. **Weaker!**

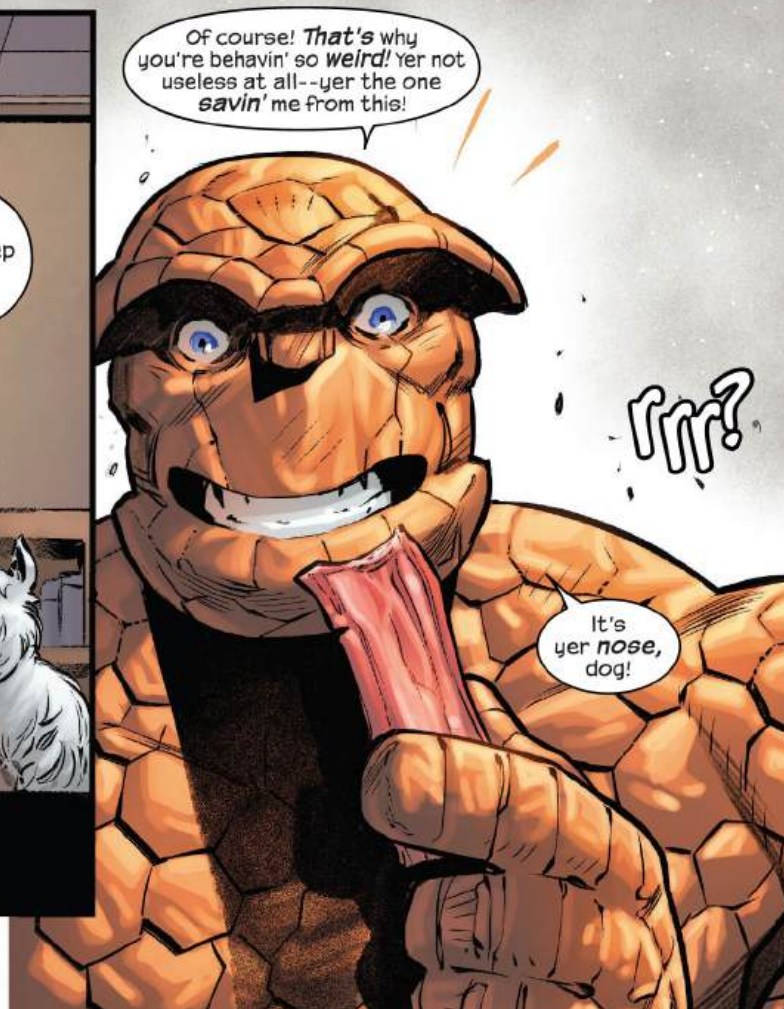
Got a counter-proposal for ya, Joshie...

Howzabout *you* gaze deep into my fist?!

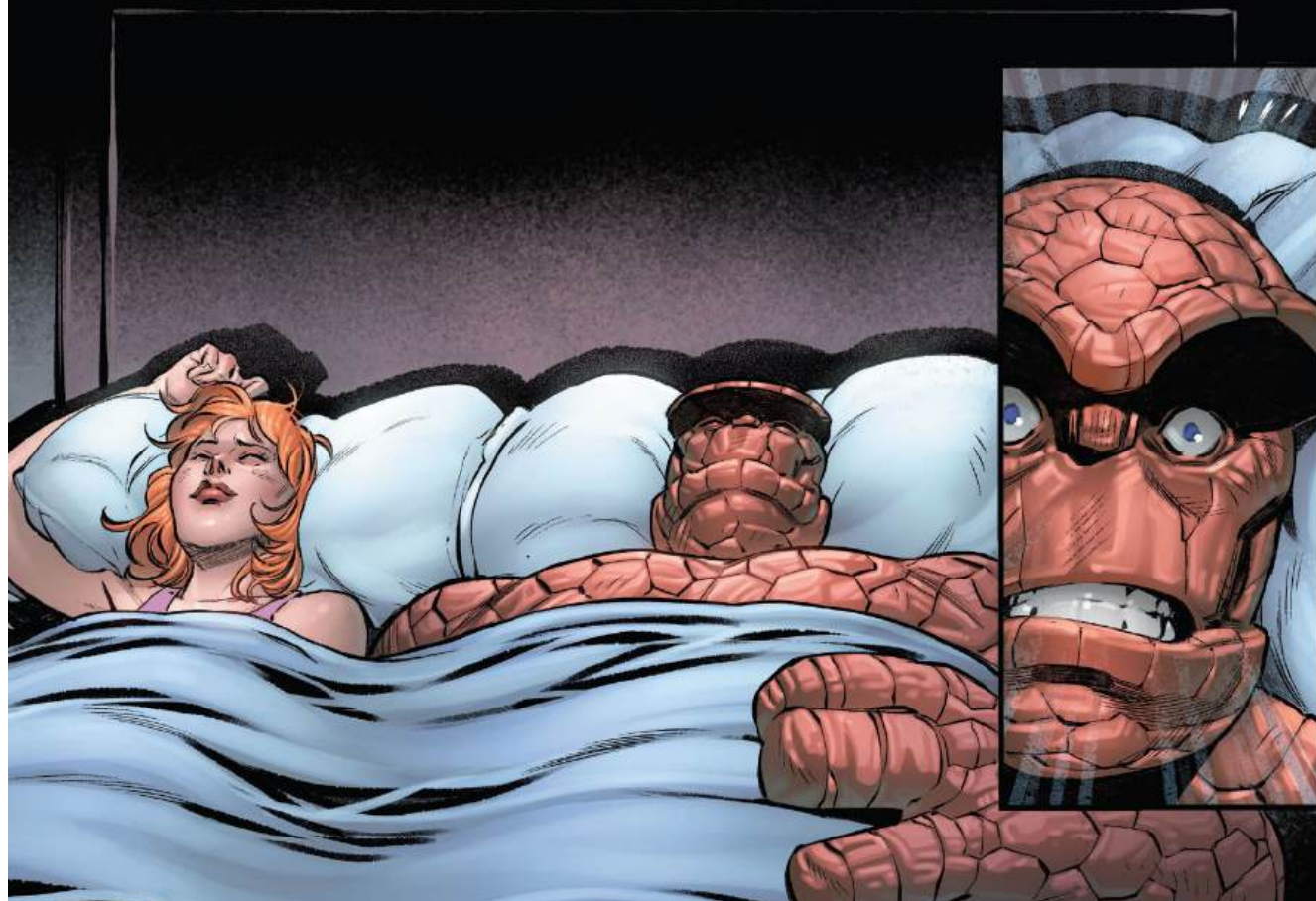




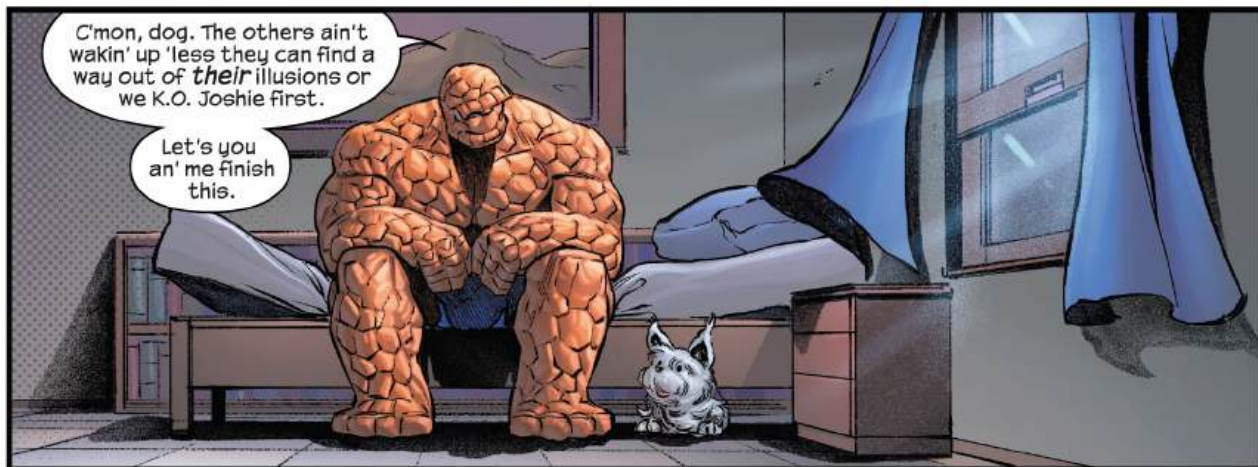




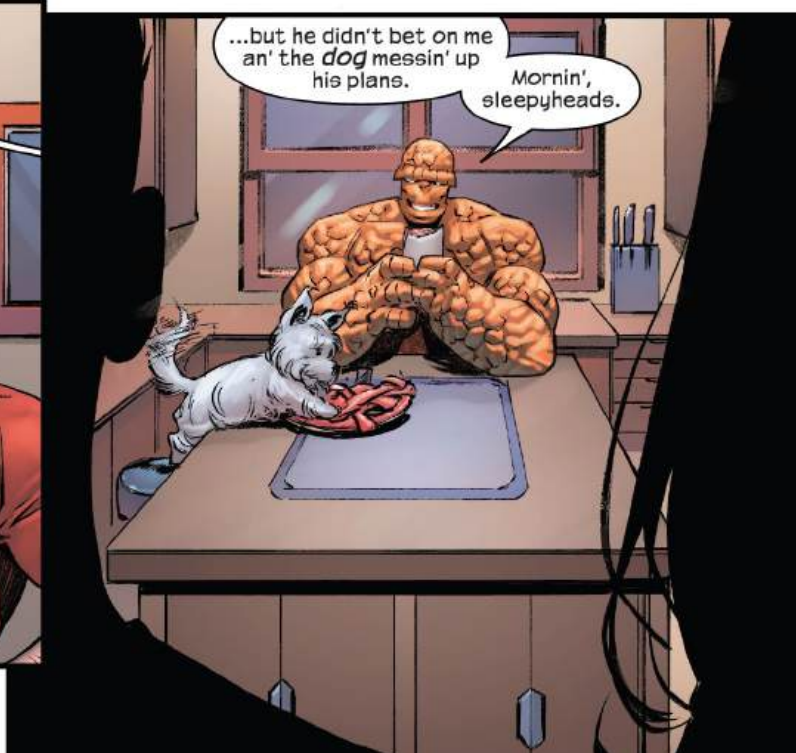
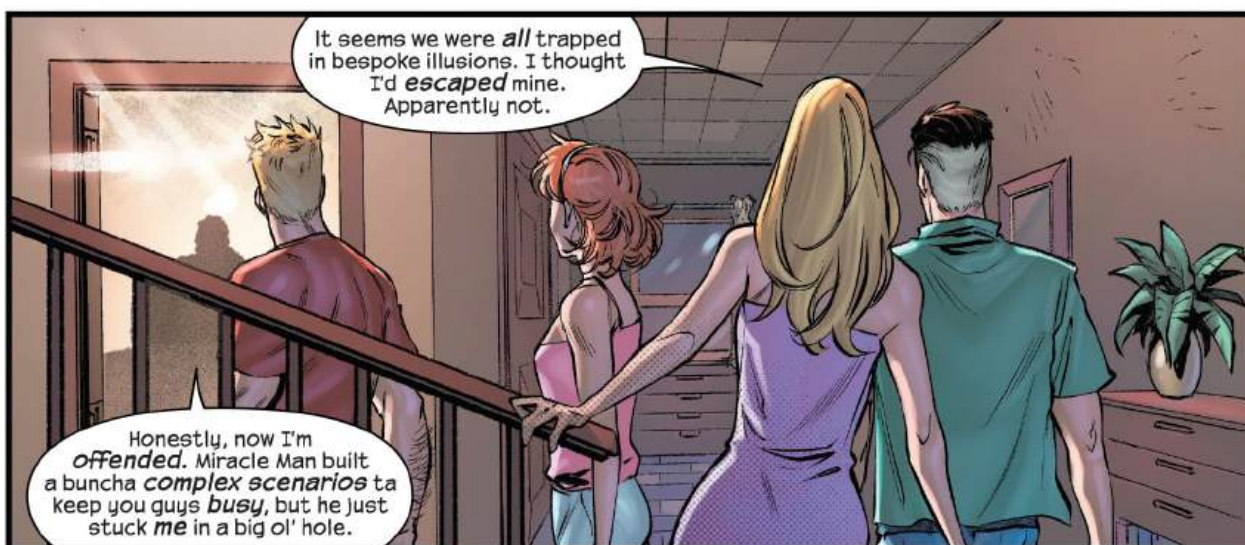














LATER...

And keep the blindfold on, yes? His powers rely on line of sight!

Can I just say how *incredibly* on-brand it is for you, Ben, that you spent all that time trapped, *alone* with that dog...

...and you never even thought to *name* her??

Ya don't name animals before ya take 'em to the *pound*, hothead.

Babe.

Welllll...

I guess, *if* she's not chipped, and *if* we put up posters around town, and *if* nobody claims her...

...then maybe-- *jes' maybe*--there might be some room in this stony ol' heart for one more.

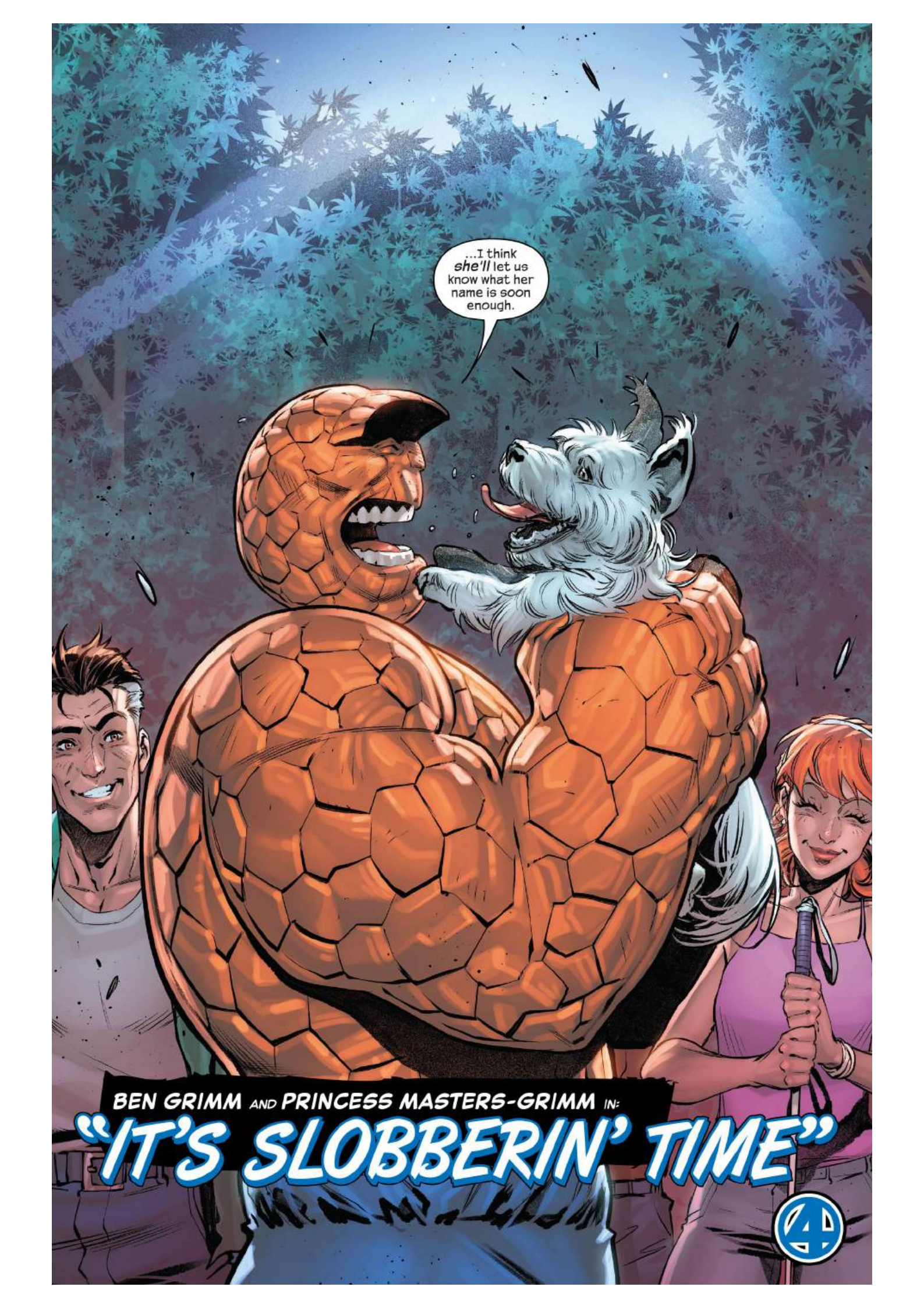
I've already got the perfect name for her: *Fuego Blaze*.

She's not a "Fuego" or a "Blaze"! She's *clearly* a Harriet.

Two-syllable names with plosive consonants may work best for dog cognition. "Lucky"?

If ya ask me...





...I think  
*she'll* let us  
know what her  
name is soon  
enough.

BEN GRIMM AND PRINCESS MASTERS-GRIMM IN:

**"IT'S SLOBBERIN' TIME"**











#7 SPIDER-VERSE VARIANT  
BY GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI & EDGAR DELGADO



#7 VARIANT  
BY WALTER SIMONSON & MORRY HOLLOWELL



#7 VARIANT  
BY GREG LAND & FRANK D'ARMATA

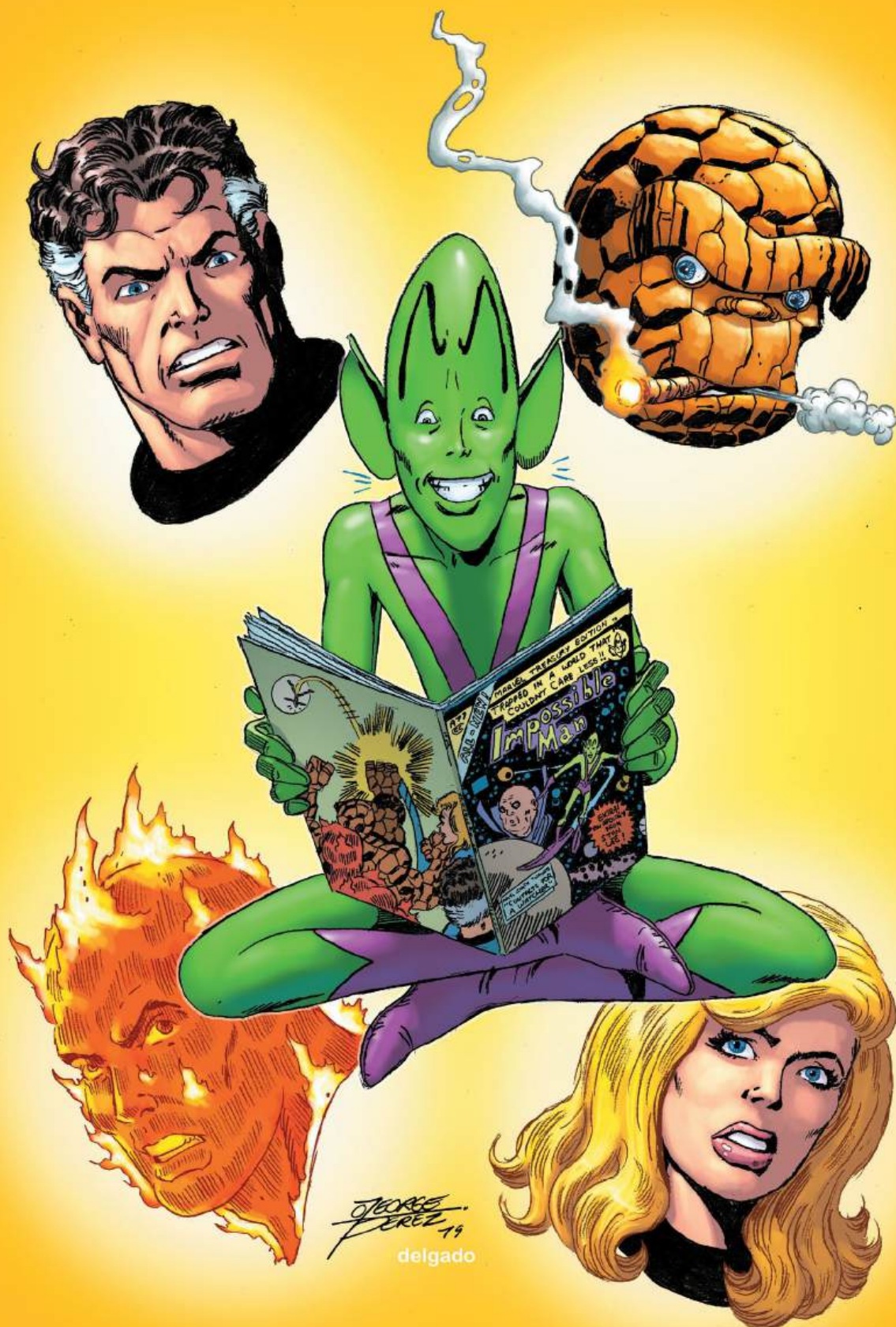


#1 HOMAGER VARIANT  
BY ROB LIEFELD



#7.8 CONNECTING VARIANTS  
BY SCOTT KOBLISH & RACHELLE ROSENBERG









#8 VARIANT  
BY LEONARDO ROMERO



#9 VARIANT  
BY SIMONE BIANCHI

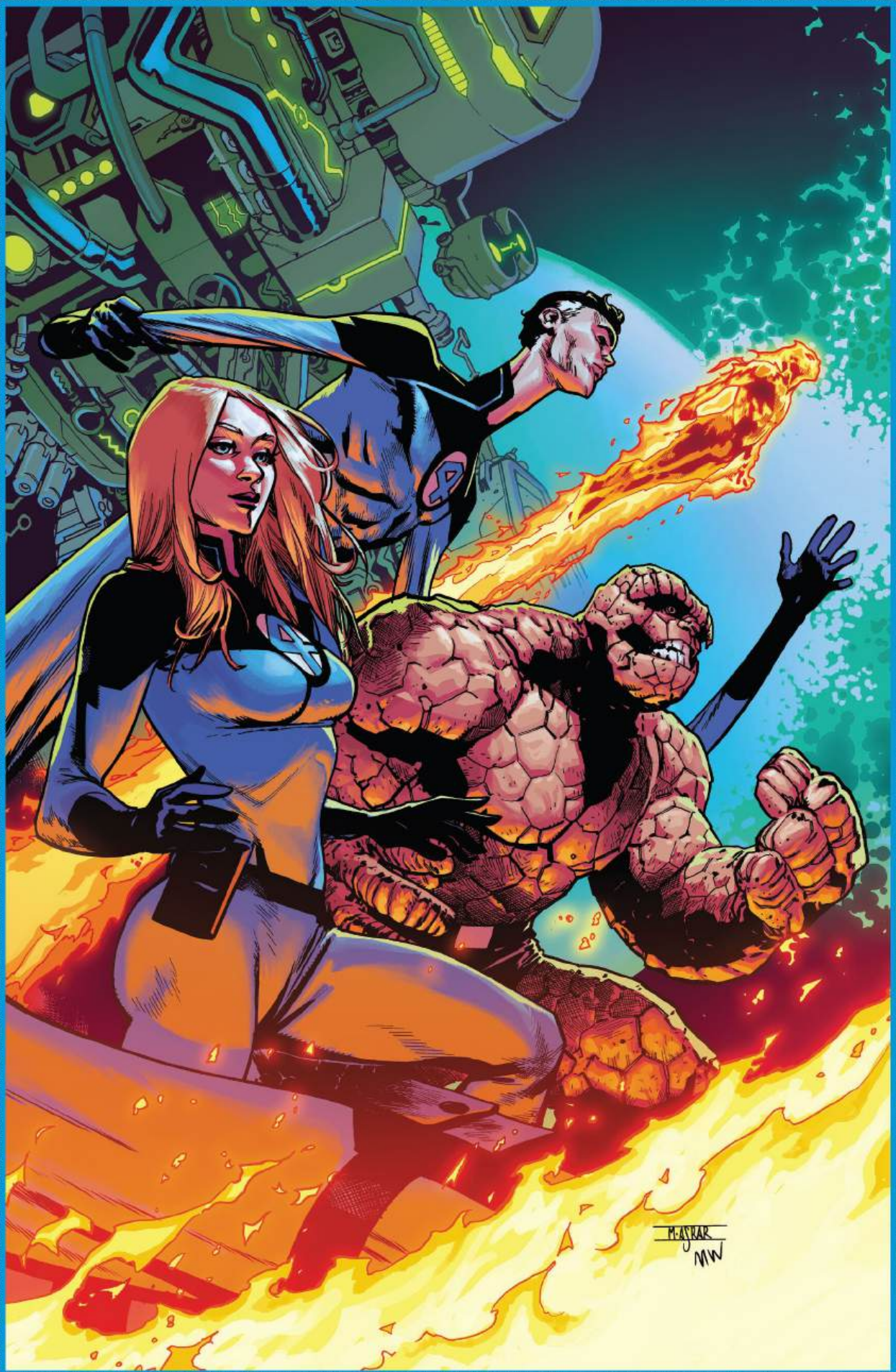


#10 G.O.D.S. VARIANT  
BY GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI & ALEX SINCLAIR



#10 VARIANT  
BY TAURIN CLARKE





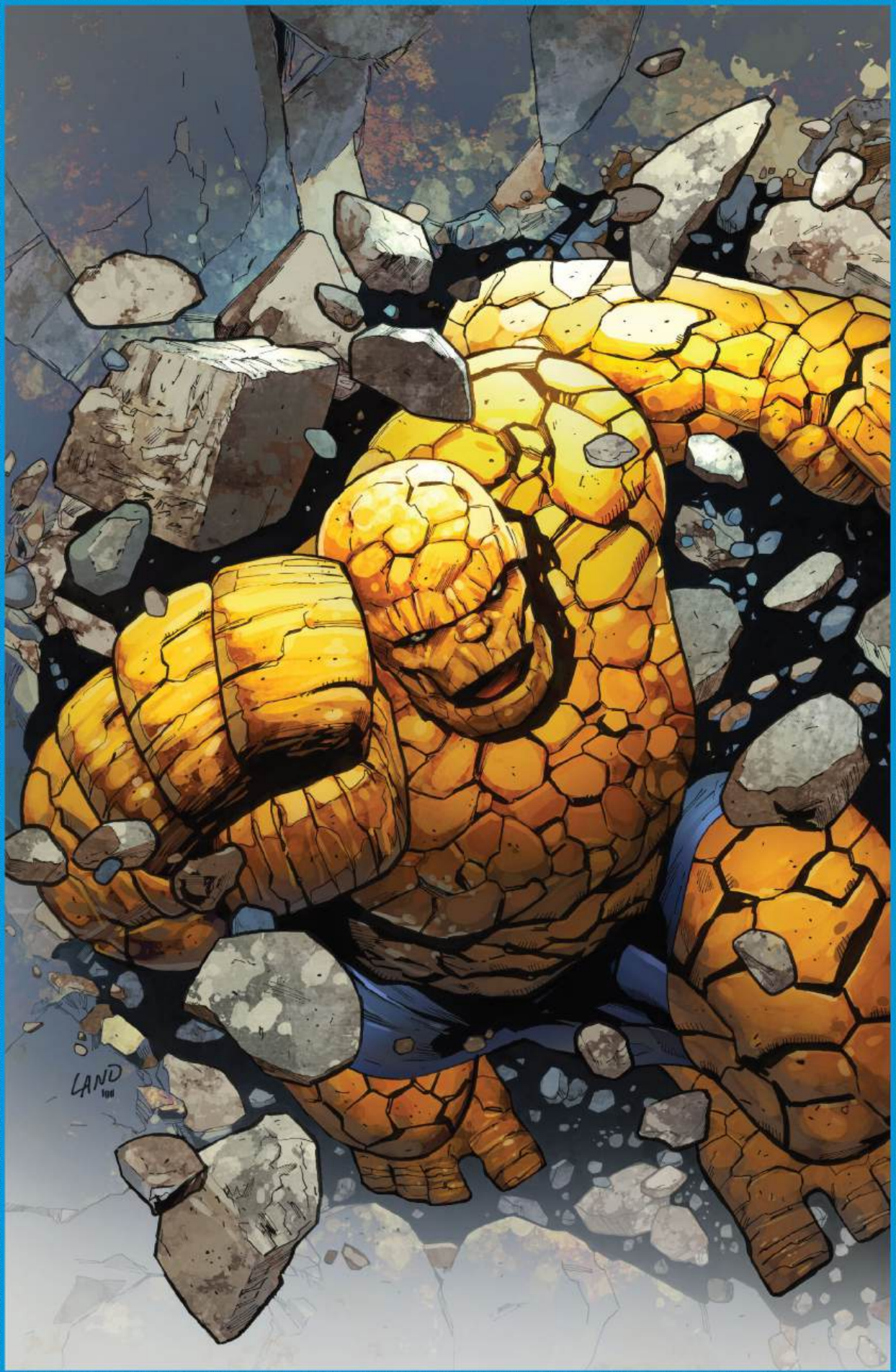
#10 VARIANT BY **MAHMUD ASRAR** & **MATTHEW WILSON**





#11 VARIANT BY ALEXANDER LOZANO





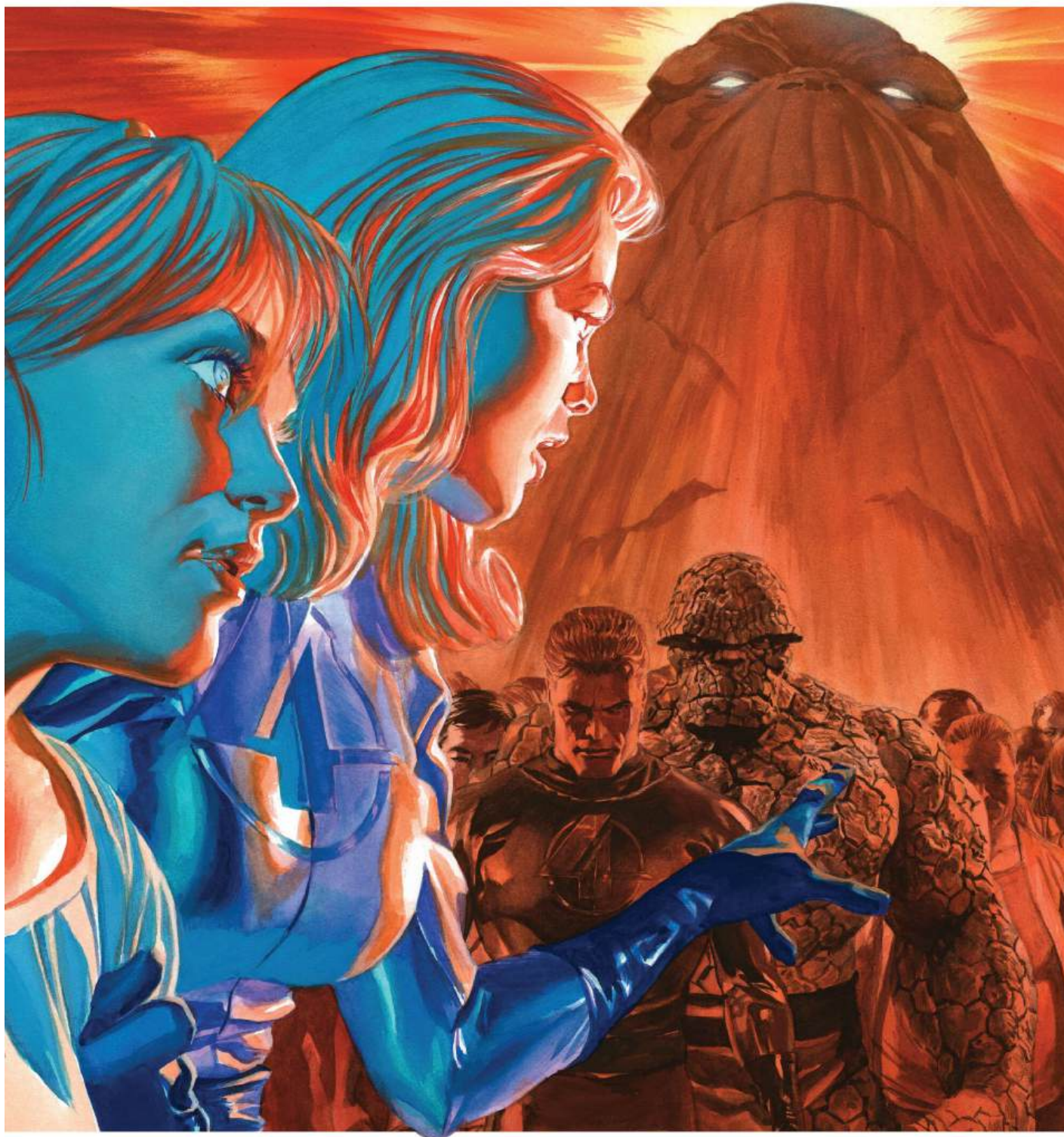
#11 VARIANT BY GREG LAND & FRANK D'ARMATA



*"Fantastic Four, more than anything else right now, is a fun series."* — Comic Watch

# REUNITED ONCE MORE!

**JOIN THE FANTASTIC FOUR AS THEY CELEBRATE THEIR 700TH ISSUE** by settling into a surprising new home — that comes with its own mysterious threat! As their knowledge of language itself begins to melt from their minds, the members of the First Family sink into disarray — and the greatest villain of all time grasps the chance to seal their Doom! Then, Sue and Alicia spend some quality time together in town. But when they return, everything is different — and a very different Fantastic Four is formed! Can they save the reality that only they remember? Plus: Ben Grimm wakes up to find himself — alongside the house he was sleeping in and everything in it — in freefall through a colossal metal hole...falling all the way to the Earth's core, where he'll be cooked, crushed and destroyed! What a revoltin' development!



COLLECTING **FANTASTIC FOUR (2022) #7-11** — BY RYAN NORTH,  
IBAN COELLO, IVAN FIORELLI, LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ AND JESUS ABURTOV.

T+

MARVEL